

No. 5863

PUNCH, JULY 8, 1903

Vol.

# PUNCH



Summer Number

André Frainson



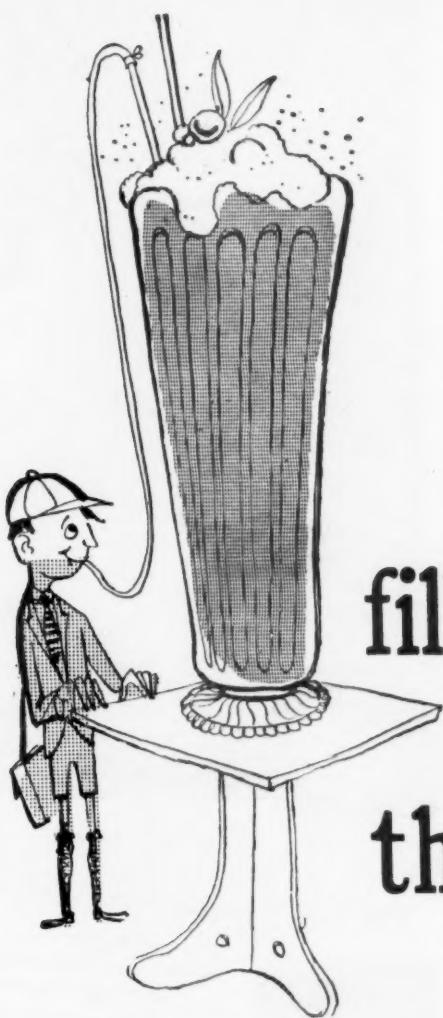
*The ritual solemnity surrounding so much that is sheer gaiety... The pale rich setting that makes red velvet still redder and richer than real life... The private picture in the mind of oneself, in all that splendour, on some great evening to come... And for perfection one thing more—*

NUMBER SEVEN

Abdulla 'Virginia' No. 7, 20 for 3/11

ABDULLA & COMPANY LIMITED • 173 NEW BOND STREET • LONDON W1

—by ABDULLA



fill up and feel  
the difference

One of the pleasantest things to Shell is the way it is making so many friends among the younger motorists—as well as keeping the old friends who are delighted to have it back. News of a petrol that proves by results always travels round—and no matter where you travel in Britain...

YOU CAN BE SURE OF



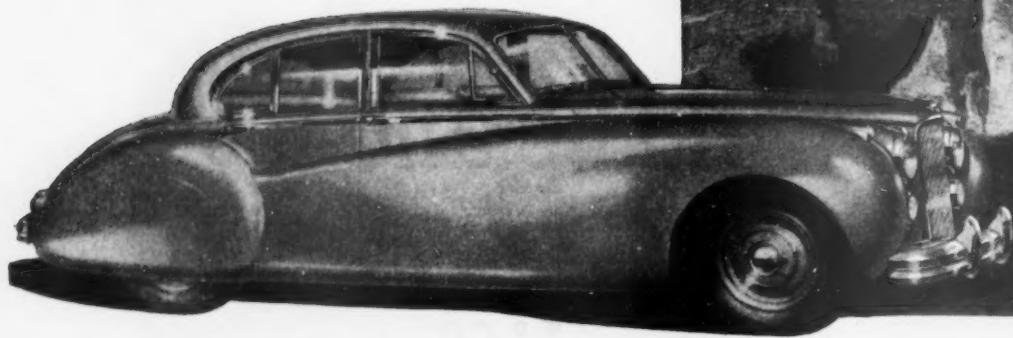
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"Conveys an air of good living . . . one of the most impressive cars in the world today." *THE AUTOCAR*.

"Unusually generous accommodation for 5 people and their luggage. Great power with notable smoothness and silence." *THE MOTOR*.

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how to fasten  
one thing  
to another

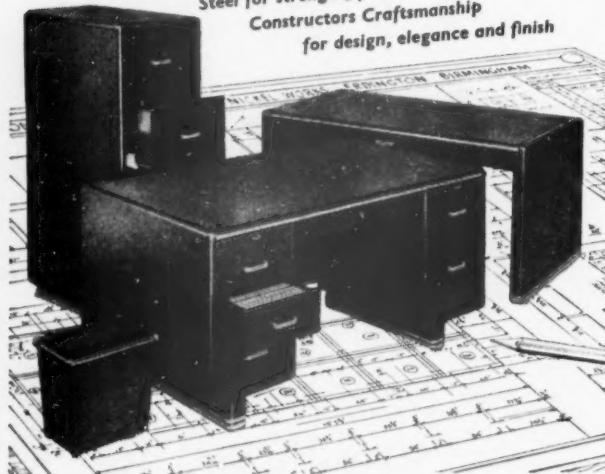
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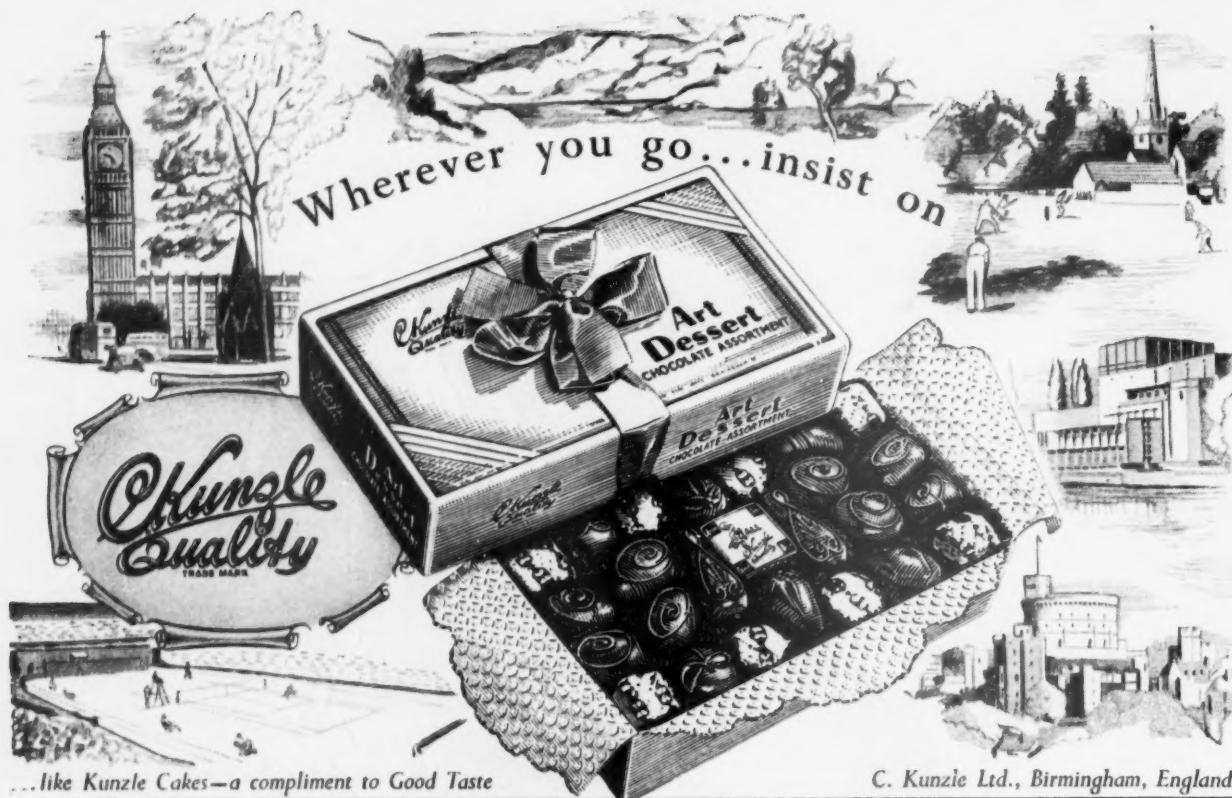
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**STEEL EQUIPMENT FOR OFFICE AND FACTORY**

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little whisky instead: I should prefer  
White Horse if you have it."*



## ILFORD FILMS for faces & places

You can't go wrong with any of these  
famous Ilford roll films  
**HP3, FP3 or SELCHROME.**  
You'll get a good picture every time.



How nice to come home to

fresh piping-hot coffee



The Exclusive Automatic Switch

**FALKS**

*Auto-Perc*  
COFFEE MAKER

Obtainable from usual electrical suppliers.

ONE OF FALKS FINE FOUR

Robot Toaster • Featherweight Iron • Gad-about Travel Iron  
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Made to perfection by the AUTO-PERC, and kept at just the right temperature—automatically. Fill it before you go out . . . or when you come in . . . and freshly made, fragrant coffee is yours whenever you want it. Made automatically; switched off automatically; kept hot automatically.

In attractive chrome and plastic finish, capacity 1½ Pints. Voltages 100/120v. 200/220v. 230/250v. A.C. only.

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*It Pays to Buy the Best*

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**OVALTINE**

*The vitamin-fortified food beverage*

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland: 1/6 2/6 and 4/6

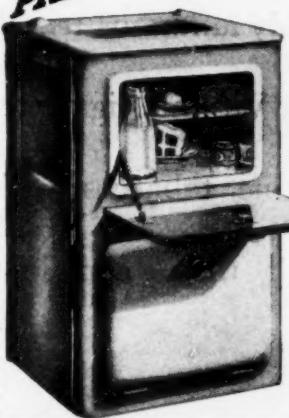
P.890A

Remember to ask for 'OVALTINE' Hot or Cold at Cafés, Bathing Pools or Milk Bars

If you have not yet tried 'Ovaltine' Cold you are missing the best of Summer drinks. It is deliciously cool, refreshing and energizing . . . Just what you need on a warm, sunny day.

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PRESERVATION without REFRIGERATION

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Temperature going UP!  
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keeps butter fresh  
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hottest day. In  
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Blue. Please  
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CELEBRATES OUR  
**30TH**  
ANNIVERSARY

**KEPKOLD LTD.** 23, CARNABY ST.  
REGENT ST. W.1.



"You asked for Benson & Hedges cigarettes, Sir"

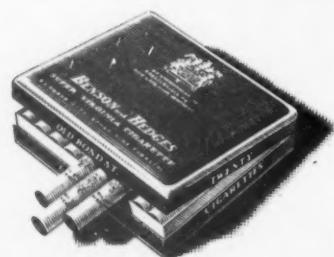
Benson & Hedges Ltd. are proud to announce that their Super Virginia cigarettes are available on the world's most famous airways, including all routes served by the following:—

BRITISH EUROPEAN AIRWAYS,  
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CENTRAL AFRICAN AIRWAYS  
AER LINGUS · CYPRUS AIRWAYS

Fitting accompaniment to smoothly luxurious travel,

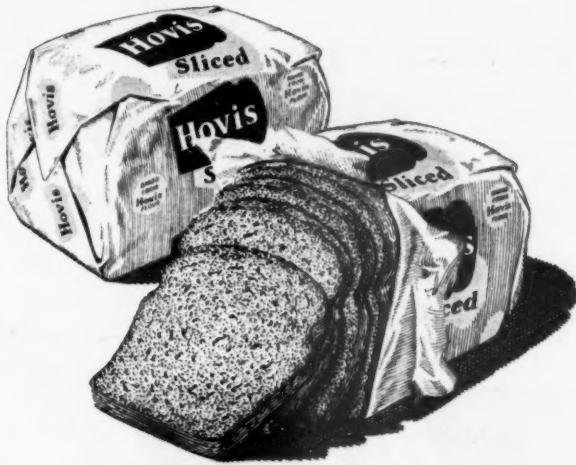
**BENSON and HEDGES** Super Virginia cigarettes

are made from the finest of fine tobaccos with  
unhurried, untiring care for all those occasions  
when only the best will do.



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TSW/164

*When only the best will do*



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If you like it this new way—look  
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the sparkling **GLUCOSE** drink

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lost  
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Playing, or simply  
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You must replace lost energy if  
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play—or even to enjoy an idle hour.  
There's always fresh energy in  
Lucozade, the sparkling Glucose  
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energy in next to no time—and it does not  
upset the most delicate stomach. Lucozade is  
invaluable in the home and a pleasure  
to take anywhere.

2/6 plus 3d. bottle deposit (returnable)  
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Lucozade is used by Doctors and Nurses  
in Clinics, Hospitals, Nursing Homes  
and Schools.



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royds 78C1



## SLEEP

“... full of sweet dreams  
and health  
and quiet breathing”



Sleep comes more gently when your blankets are  
**LAN-AIR-CEL**—the loveliest of all. Woven to a feather-down  
lightness from the purest of soft Scotch wool, **LAN-AIR-CEL**  
are warm in winter, cool in summer; the exclusive cellular  
weave allows your body to 'breathe' in bed, as the doctors  
say it should; there is no stuffiness, no oppressive weight to  
disturb your peaceful dreams. **LAN-AIR-CEL** blankets are  
guaranteed for ten years, and will outlast a lifetime.

*In cream or delicate pastel shades, and  
in all sizes—for bed or cot*

The name of your nearest stockist and a fully illustrated  
leaflet will be supplied on request



By Appointment to the Late King George VI  
Manufacturers of Lan-Air-Cel Blankets  
McCallum & Craigie Ltd.

## LAN-AIR-CEL

*The original cellular blanket*

Manufactured with infinite care by  
**MC CALLUM & CRAIGIE LTD., SHETTLESTON, GLASGOW, E2**  
**LONDON OFFICE, ROXBURGH HOUSE, 287 REGENT ST., LONDON, W1**

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When the production boys' bother  
Raises directorial choler  
And deliveries get right out of hand,  
Save empurpleing veins—  
Give EKCO the reins,  
Get your plastic requirements as planned!

For 'soft' bottle creations  
In cute combinations,  
Ordered from stock or to size,  
For parts or components—  
Knock out your opponents  
With plastics produced by the wise!

For EKCO know how;  
They should do by now  
They mould for the best in the land!  
Radio, motor cars, deep 'frigerators,  
Telephones, food mixers, washing gyrators  
Whatever's required comes to hand.

Tooling or moulding,  
Your problem's unfolding  
So soon as our 'gen' men get cracking.  
Write us or 'phone us,  
We'll give you a 'bonus'  
In service—for ours takes some whacking!

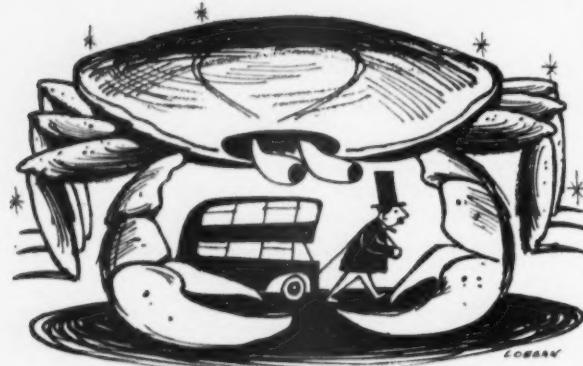
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## \* PIMM'S HOROSCOPES \*



## CANCER-THE CRAB

**JUNE 22—JULY 23** People born under the sign of Cancer, the Crab, should show caution in buying London buses from strangers. Astrologers predict that the All England Lawn Tennis Championships will be won in the finals. Thursday to Wednesday is an auspicious time for drinking Pimm's, but disagreements may be looked for if the Pimm's is not prepared properly.\*

\* Here's how, just in case. Take a tot of Pimm's, ice it, and top up with fizzy lemonade. Garnish with a piece of lemon and a slice of cucumber or sprig of borage.



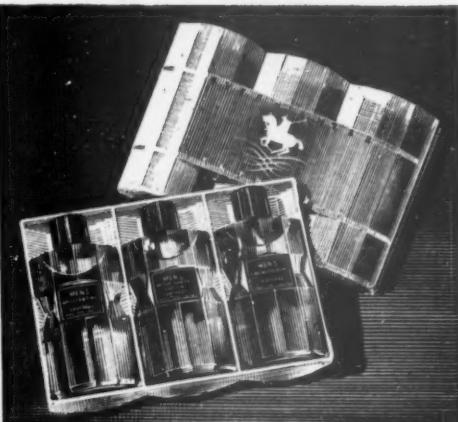
**PIMM'S No. 1** THE MOST HEAVENLY DRINK ON EARTH

## For men by

# Lenthéric

## THE OVERNIGHTER

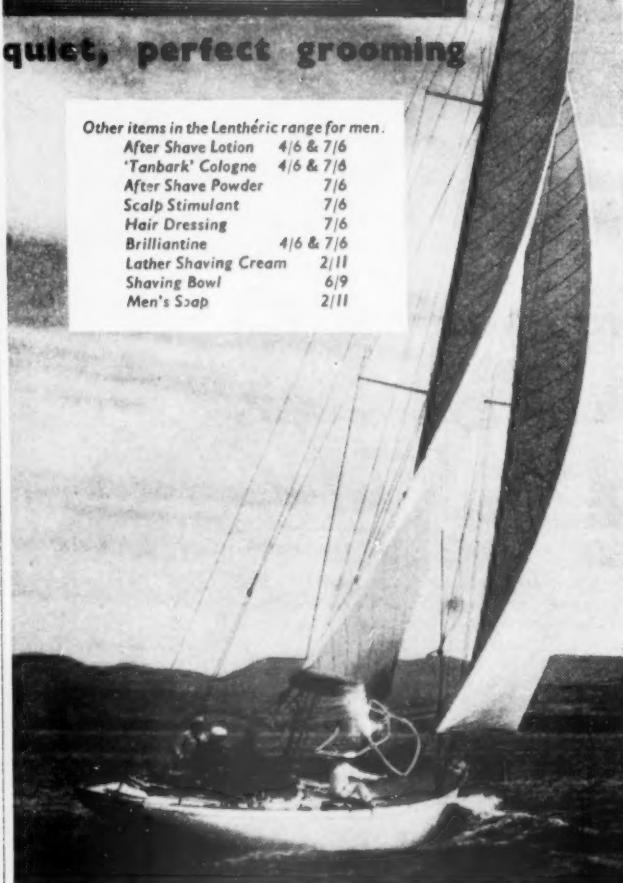
Ideal for the man of today. This set is specially packed in an unbreakable polythene container—that really is unbreakable and slim for travel bag corners. Inside are a handy-grip flacon each of After Shave Lotion, Men's Cologne and Men's Brilliantine. Refills in the standard size easily obtainable at all Lenthéric stockists. Price 18/9



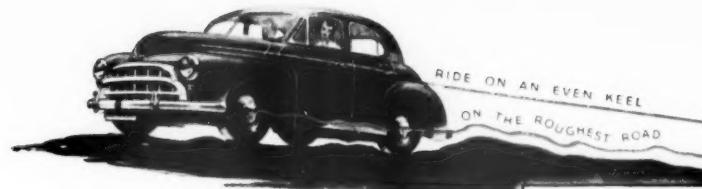
## quiet, perfect grooming

Other items in the Lenthéric range for men.

After Shave Lotion	4/6 & 7/6
'Tanbark' Cologne	4/6 & 7/6
After Shave Powder	7/6
Scalp Stimulant	7/6
Hair Dressing	7/6
Brilliantine	4/6 & 7/6
Lather Shaving Cream	2/11
Shaving Bowl	6/9
Men's Soap	2/11



17 OLD BOND STREET LONDON · PARIS · NEW YORK



Get to know this magnificent Morris Oxford. Experience the delight of its smooth-riding and controllability, made possible by torsion-bar suspension. Sense the feeling of spirited power when the highway invites speed. Then examine it for finish and styling. You'll discover it has "Quality First" in all its features. Ownership will prove that traditional Morris reliability is an investment in long-lasting value.

*You'll be glad  
you bought a*

**"QUALITY FIRST"**

**MORRIS** Oxford

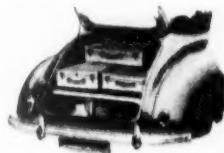


**MORRIS MINOR • MORRIS OXFORD • MORRIS SIX**

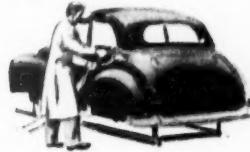
Morris Motors Limited, Cowley, Oxford. Overseas Business: Nuffield Exports Limited, Oxford, and 41 Piccadilly, London, W.1



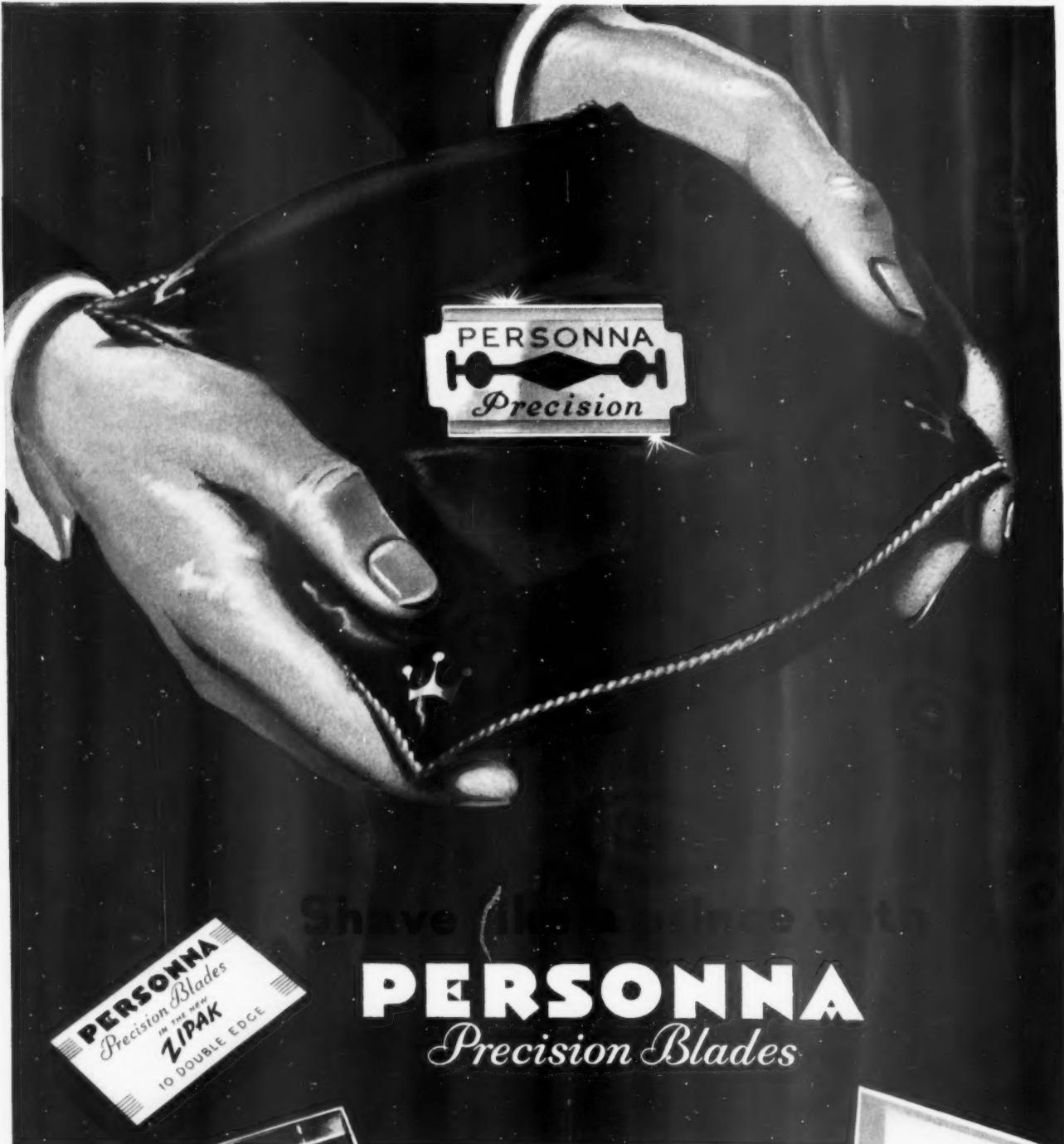
All seats within wheelbase : All seating within the wheelbase (where seats should be for comfort) gives lounge-easy riding throughout the longest journey.



Phenomenal luggage space : 10 cubic feet of luggage space is devoted to luggage exclusively, enough room for the items needed for long-vacation touring. The spare wheel is in a separate compartment.

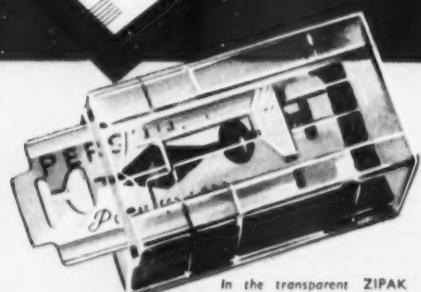


Superfine finishes : Seven coats of paint go on to a dipped rust-proof surface. The brilliant colours keep their showroom freshness over years of hard service.



#### PERSONNA MICROMETRIC RAZOR

solves every shaving problem. Personna precision blades fit all the usual kinds of safety razor. Used in this Personna Micrometric Razor they are a revelation of easy and efficient shaving. The Micrometric adjustment lets you increase the exposure of the blade to suit your beard without altering the shaving angle. Heavily gold or chromium plated with 10-blade Zipak Dispenser 25/-.





Quality  
Incomparable



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Gin Distillers  
to the late King George VI

# Gordon's

Stands Supreme

Maximum Prices: Per Bottle 33/9; Half-Bottle 17/7  
Quarter-Bottle 9/2; Miniature 3/7. U.K. only

## Suits READY TO WEAR

The beauty of ready-to-wear  
is that you can see the suit  
on and satisfy yourself as  
to fit, colour, pattern, cloth,  
before you buy.



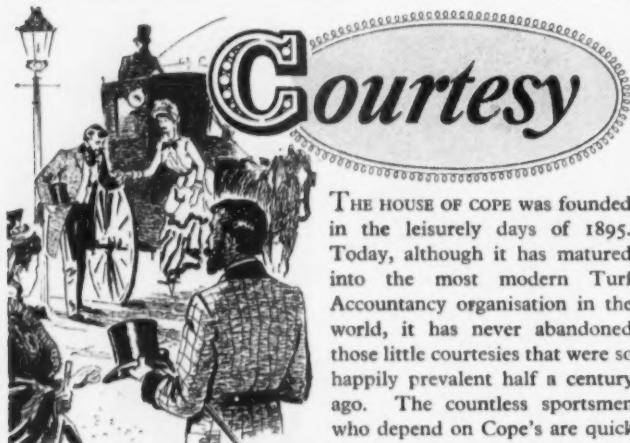
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OF COVENT GARDEN  
THE COMPLETE MAN'S STORE

Junction of Garrick and Bedford Streets, W.C.2  
Temple Bar 4477  
AND BRANCHES



GOOD CARS HAVE  
BRITISH  
LEATHER  
UPHOLSTERY

For luxurious comfort there's nothing like leather



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The first and finest  
masculine support  
underwear.

In ever increasing demand from  
most Good Men's Shops.



*This original and incomparable masculine support underwear is made in Great Britain exclusively by LYLE & SCOTT LTD OF HAWICK SCOTLAND AND IDEAL HOUSE ARGYLL STREET LONDON W1*



**TWO 60ft  
SEAMS  
WELDED IN  
45 MINUTES**



This box column for a Power Station, 66ft long and 4ft x 2ft 6ins, is well within the capacity of Cleveland's manipulators.

**CLEVELAND**

Builders of Bridges & Fabricators  
of all types of structural steelwork

S & B

# Six minds with but a single thought—



*A medical student from Guy's  
For exams laid-in ample supplies  
Of fresh Four Square Yellow\*  
—Intelligent fellow!—  
To help him think out his replies*



*Said the Judge to the Clerk, with a frown,  
"Turn the Judicial Bench upside down!  
Stop the case! Close the Court!  
I have suffered a tort—  
Someone's stolen my Four Square Ripe Brown! \*\**



*Roared the Colonel: "Young Smith, I'm dismayed—  
You are smoking a pipe on parade!"  
Then he sniffed at the air:  
"Four Square Green,\* I declare—  
What an excellent choice you have made!"*



*An affectionate maiden called Fletcher,  
Instead of "I will", said "You becher!—  
The moment I knew  
You smoked Four Square Blue,\*  
I vowed I was going to getcher!"*



*At a concert, while playing Tchaikoffski  
The Maestro cried out "That's enuffski!  
At such moments I feel  
Four Square Purple's\* ideal—  
Let's knock off and enjoy a good puffski!*



*"To smoke Four Square Red\* at the wicket"  
Said the umpire, "is simply not cricket.  
Smoking must cease  
When you get to the crease  
So hand me your pouch: that's the ticket!"*

## SIX OF THE BEST, SIR!

### RED

Original Matured Virginia, cut from the cake, in broken flake form 4/6d. oz.

### BLUE

Original Mixture . . . a balanced blend of Virginia & Oriental Tobaccos 4/6d. oz.

### YELLOW

Straight Virginia type tobacco cut from the cake, in broken flake form 4/2d. oz.

### GREEN

Genuine Scottish Mixture blended from Empire-Grown Virginia and Oriental Tobaccos 4/2d. oz.

### BROWN

Ready-rubbed Navy Cut, finely shredded and toasted to a rich dark brown 4/1½d. oz.

### PURPLE

A blend of Empire-Grown Virginia tobaccos rolled and cut into discs 4/1½d. oz.

*Ask for your favourite by colour*

## FOUR SQUARE

Blending your Four Square Tobacco is a quiet skill, guided by the wisdom of 144 years' experience. There is a mellow honesty about each cool slow-burning blend, and a most sociable aroma . . . rare qualities imparted at the blender's table and sealed in the vacuum tin.

*The least expensive of  
all good tobaccos*

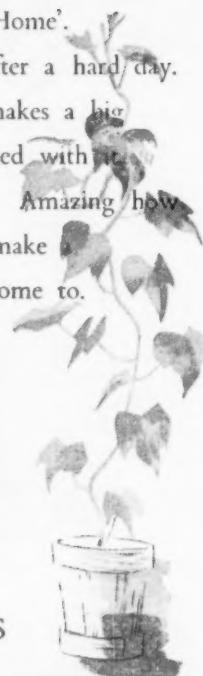
**SUPPLIES TO SMOKERS ABROAD.** Four Square Tobaccos are readily obtainable in most countries and to others we can despatch minimum quantities of 2lbs. British Duty free. If we can be of assistance to you please write to: GEORGE DOBIE & SON LIMITED, PAISLEY, SCOTLAND





*Royal Venton*

FIREPLACES



This is what I call 'Home'.  
A place to relax in comfort after a hard day.  
The new Royal Venton makes a big  
difference—Jennie is delighted with it.  
Warmer atmosphere all round! Amazing how  
a good fireplace can make  
room worth coming home to.

JOHN STEVENTON & SONS LTD. BURSLEM, STOKE-ON-TRENT, STAFFS

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PA



### Who's air-conditioned for comfort?

Nothing under the sun is quite so good as Aertex for keeping you comfortable. In the heat of the day the thousands of tiny air-cells in the Aertex cellular weave ventilate and cool your body; yet as soon as it turns chilly they insulate you from cold.

There are Aertex shirts, underwear, pyjamas for men and boys; pyjamas, blouses, underwear for women and girls; corsets and babies wear, too! The coupon below will bring you full particulars.



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Aertex bears  
this label.



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FREE Illustrated 1953 Catalogue. For your copy send this coupon to  
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ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

PD 10

Andrex toilet tissue is soft and absorbent, made from 100% cotton-wool. It is suitable for babies, for mothers, for folk with tender skin—for everyone. The complete difference of Andrex is smooth comfort—and only 1/3 a roll or 2/5 for the economical 'double-pack'.

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OF BERNERS STREET

*wallpapers  
and fabrics*

*The artist in you can  
have full expression when  
you select your fabrics  
and wallpaper together.*

*See and choose them  
side by side at Sandersons.*

*"A very pleasant interlude in  
a busy life"*



Travelling Cunard to America makes a very pleasant interlude in a busy life. It is good to relax, good to yield to the deep content of the many lounges or to laze on the sun decks—to revel in restfulness. Or for those who find relaxation in gaiety there are dances aplenty, music, swimming.

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AGENCIES

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*by itself, or with  
a sliver of lemon—*

# LILLET



*The full-strength  
apéritif par excellence*

*Sole Importers:*  
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# Jambretta



**Now for the speeches**—it is surprising how banality becomes brilliance, how the conventional becomes the epigrammatic, how the obvious becomes the profound when you see the speakers through the smoke rings of Sobranie Straight Cut. There is a magic in its flavour, a satisfaction in its fullness, and a pleasure in its mildness which colour the dullest of speeches and compliment the noblest of dishes and the rarest of wines. ‘Ladies and Gentlemen, you may smoke’—and while others talk, you can surrender happily to your Sobranie . . .



# Luxury Shaving daily

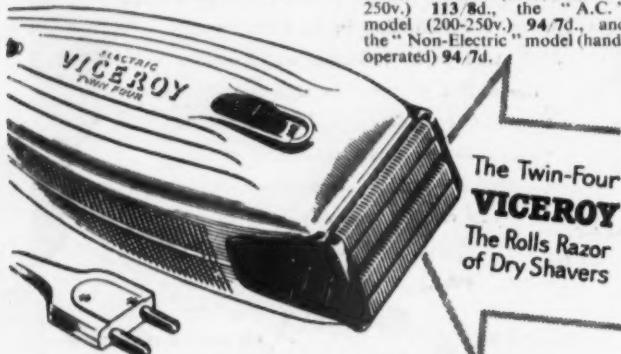


**ROLLS  
RAZOR**  
The world's finest  
one-blade safety

- with all its proved,  
exclusive features and a  
**NEW** distinguished look

Whether you shave wet or dry, there's nothing to equal a Rolls Razor or a Viceroy Dry Shaver. No Shaving is quite so luxuriously smooth . . . or so wonderfully economical either! More than 25 years experience in producing the best in shaving equipment gives to these superb articles a quality and finish matched only by their unfailing efficiency. See them at local dealers throughout the British Isles.

Prices include P.T. and apply in the U.K. only.



The Twin-Four  
**VICEROY**  
The Rolls Razor  
of Dry Shavers

# ROLLS RAZOR

Specialists in Shaving Techniques

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# Water on troubled oils...

Scientists know why water applied to burning oil by the Mather & Platt method is as effective as the proverbial "Oil on troubled waters."

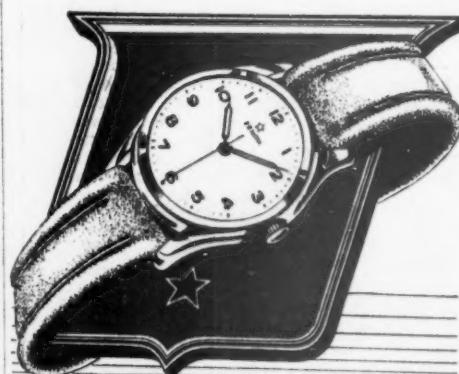
It is because under the Mulsifyre System burning oil is converted—by use of water alone—into an emulsion which cannot burn.

If you want to know exactly how it is done send for leaflet M1085

## The MULSIFYRE

System of extinguishing oil and paint fires

375 MATHER & PLATT LTD. · MANCHESTER 10



**ZENITH**

The  
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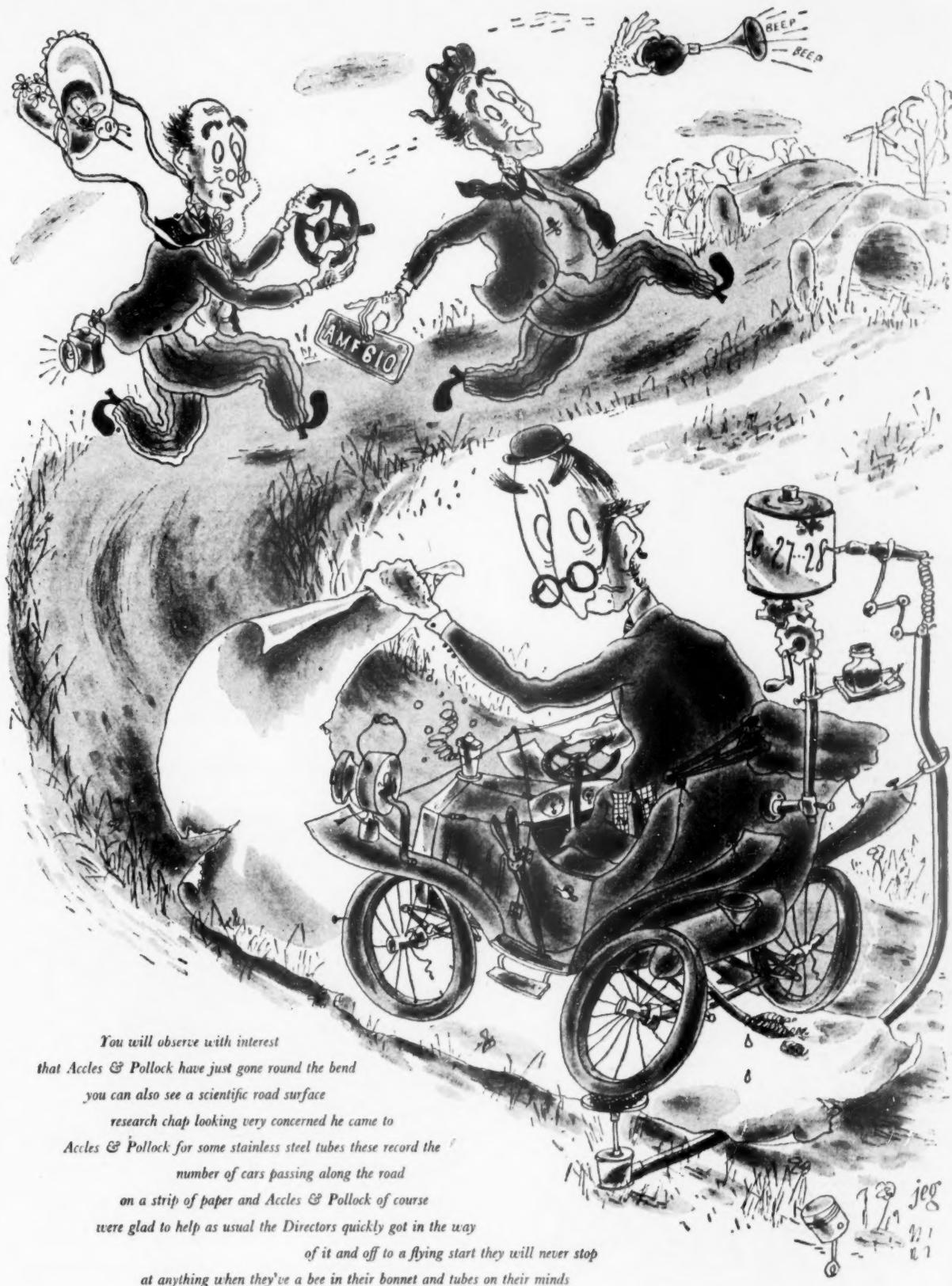
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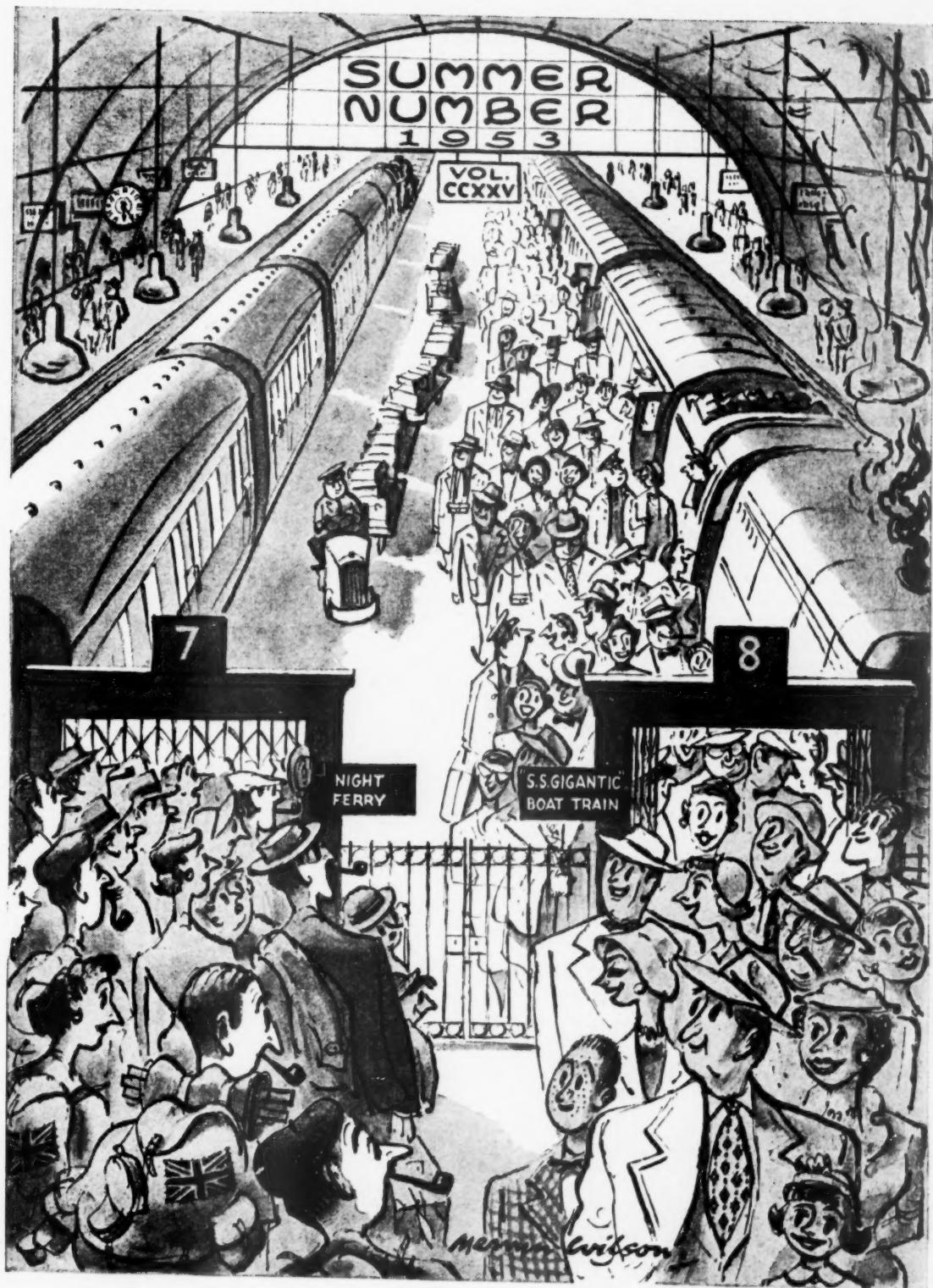


Oh, Mummy, look at Roger!  
He's wolfed all the

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Such delicious custard! Monk & Glass fairly melts in your mouth. Smooth, golden, luscious—it *never varies*. Make some today and give your family a delightful surprise.



## SOMEWHERE IN THE SOUTH

UNCHARTED in an inland sea,  
I came upon the place by chance,  
Between Gibraltar and Capri,  
Far southward of the South of  
France.  
No effort of the mind avails  
To set its full perfection down.  
The bay was bright with coloured sails  
Beneath the terraced town.

The town was terra-cotta tiled  
And innocent of drinking hours.  
A small, discreet casino smiled  
Behind its balustrades and flowers.  
Four fathoms deep the marble caught  
The sun. Within the green sea's  
reach  
The hotel gardens, stooping, brought  
Their beauties to the beach.

And no one bought the wine and food,  
Or sunned, or swam, or played a  
game.  
Attentive, ageless waiters stood  
Awaiting guests who never came;  
Three hours on end they waited there,  
And then with swift, instinctive zeal  
Laid on with spotless silverware  
The next unwanted meal.

From where the topmost terrace  
towered  
A rock-built, derelict railway ran  
By cliffs fantastically flowered  
To where the level ground began;  
And there upon the topmost flat,  
Pure emerald from green to tee,  
A silent, nine-hole golf-course sat  
Above a sapphire sea.

I met an ancient greensman there,  
Slow-spoken, picturesque and wise;  
He had the peasant's surly air  
And servile, shrewd hotelier's eyes.  
He said "The course is perfectly  
Prepared. The greens are lush and  
plumb;  
But now (they do not tell me why)  
The English do not come."

"They would," I said, "most eagerly,  
But are financially debarred.  
Your skies are soft: your currency  
Is most inhospitably hard.  
They are ill-dressed and badly fed,  
And over-taxed, and hardly hit."  
He smiled. "They always were," he  
said,  
"But seemed to manage it."

"We must prepare," he said, "in  
case";  
And shrugged, and bowed, and  
turned to go.  
I must myself have left the place:  
To tell the truth, I do not know,  
For all my vivid memories,  
When all this was, or how I  
came  
And went, or where the island is,  
Or if it has a name:

But—somewhere in the south it lay,  
A parcel of enchanted ground,  
Awaiting as till Judgment Day  
The slow recovery of the Pound:  
Somewhere, I know, it must have  
been  
Sequestered in that sunlit sea,  
South of the South of France,  
between  
Gibraltar and Capri.

P. M. HUBBARD



## A CRY FROM THE UNDERGROUND

LATE: I must run to catch this smug red caterpillar under heaven.

Going into town—horrible, one used to be taught, this idiom—going, however, as we do nowadays (another lapse!) into town, neither on horse nor on foot, nor in spanking chaises, I bow scrupulously to the empty carriage. Forty-four seats invite me: what worlds divide the long public rows from the family (or perhaps kneeing) foursomes, and these again from the pews snug for two, stretchable for one—to say nothing of *strapontins* at the end! All mine!

Not for long, however. Others shove in, at first leisurely and then more and more like schoolboys kicked from behind. I settle for a pew where I can idle and read, and which at a later stage I shall defend strenuously against breathless women with shopping bags and huge overcoated men.

The sunlight, the too-bright sunlight over the green belt, makes a last clutch at our knees; and we plunge.

Earthed!

Dark—but the dark becomes light, and a transformation is accomplished: in each one of us, secretly, swiftly, the individual is being tight-reined or loosed. We stare about us. We are—for the time being—Tube-folk, underground men.

"Tube expeditions," said Julius Parkinhorn in a charming if forgotten novel, "are the negation of travel, since they neglect means for ends; you can't even see where you're going; it is abstract travel."

Just so: we voyage in idea, in intensity, in time. Remember, the cities of A.D. 2050 will be underground.

Of course, like others, we have our bus days when the crowds and the clouds, the prolonged stares into first-floor windows, the traffic dodgings and jams draw irresistibly; when we can almost agree (before jumping off and walking) that it is

better to travel hopefully than to arrive.

Until recently we even had, should the rage take us, trams: those "gondolas" of Victorian fancy, ting-ting and pitching, rubbing sides, twinkling in the fogs they so loved. What is the trolley-bus but a bus that can't take the wrong turning?

The disposition of the long facing rows, the six-or-seven-a-sides, begins to make itself felt. Here will mingle public and performers. The masque will be tense. Not everyone may seem to be taking part, but those holding off will veil up with a newspaper, or close their eyes: acting for all they're worth. Much advertisement-reading with an overdone interest goes on in those seats too.

Look, an old stager with a butterfly collar adjusting his spectacles to read the paper next door.

Others, by the way, always enjoy the best news. NELSON'S COLUMN CLIMBED flashed at me across the carriage the other week, when all my poor sheet could manage was PEACE HOPES UNCERTAIN.

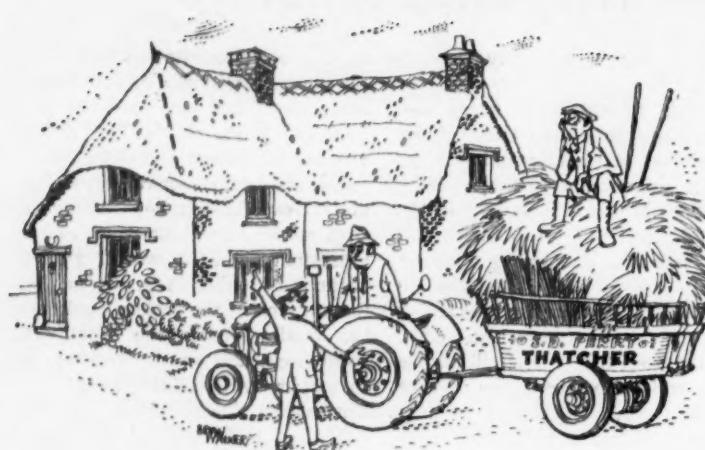
With the rush hour well past, half a dozen people are scattered about the public rows, waiting. Enter a young woman. Choosing

rapidly, she places herself with a glass partition to this side and an empty seat, on which she establishes a handbag, to the other. Her legs are crossed to receive the notebook in which she begins—or rather, elaborately resumes—writing in pencil, with more pauses than words and an attention not of this world. Poetry, without a doubt. Yes, she has the finger tracery, the serious sunk eye, the shadow under the cheekbone, swan neck, and slope shoulders, all to match. And a little spring hat. But such a fine, alarmed, haunted, sweet-sad look! . . . She has taken the lead, and knows it.

Can that poem ever compare with the delightful business of writing it? One shouldn't ask; it's no concern of ours. Here the only talent is for being something or somebody—oneself, another, what matter? Perhaps that notebook, so displayed yet zealously guarded, contains no more than weak imitations of Keats. It might even be a shopping list.

This little performance has the advantage, of course, of its setting: the top lighting, the hush in the tunnel and the flight of mildly lit stations, the sudden fish-like tangency of a passing train, could scarcely be improved on. And beyond, there's that larger drama





"Short back and sides."

requiring for its enactment halls, passage-ways, moving stairs. Mysterious gales wait at corners; trains seem to approach and then vanish away; telephone bells ring unanswerably. The crowd comes and goes. But always it leaves a residue, always on the platform there are a few who will wait for another train—and another. They will be found also wandering along remote connecting-ways or climbing forgotten spirals. They put pennies in old slot machines. One of them stands by a ventilation shaft, listening. They are trapped by the Inner Circle. After midnight their strange cries and stranger music—as we wait for a last train—echo underfoot, overhead. Who are they? Agoraphobes, tramps, lost souls (didn't Orpheus dare here for Eurydice?), middle-earthers, survivors of one war and early prospectors of the next. Tube folk; for whom our passage is a mere flittering of ghosts.

\* \* \* \* \*  
At the moment, by the way, we are under Somers Town, that domain of the railway palace and the gasometer clump, before gaining (if it is a gain) Pentonville and the Angel.

The old chap with the butterfly collar, angrily withdrawing his attention, has eased his spectacles: either the news displeases him, or his neighbour has leant out of range.

Oh, I'd almost forgotten! "From

East Finchley to Morden (via the Bank) is a distance of  $17\frac{1}{2}$  miles—the longest tunnel journey it is possible to make on any railway in the world (the Simplon tunnel, next longest, is  $12\frac{1}{4}$  miles)—Ward Lock's *Guide to London*, 1953.

\* \* \* \* \*  
There's no traveller in the world like the Londoner who spends anything from one tenth to one quarter of his day in going to and fro and about. Yet what is his dream? To travel, to "get away."

\* \* \* \* \*  
I shall never forget how, as a child, being dressed up for some occasion, I was perplexed by the old lady taking me, who turned back at the Tube entrance to remark "Not to-day—I don't think I can face the drama of it: let's go by bus." Strange words, whose meaning was hidden from me for a decade or more.

I grew up, so to speak, on the Tube, went to school in it, sporting, unmistakably, a top-hat. Such, a time-honoured education required. It picked me out even in those days, the only toppers being those of a few City gentlemen or gentlemen on their way to funerals or Lord's. This was the old Hampstead and Highgate line (now at the heart of the Northern system), with carriages opening at the ends to swing gates and gate-men shouting the stations. What a clatter and what roaring gales through the

tunnels! What strange smells from the dim red-and-white tiled platforms! How uncomfortable the shiny straw seats! My joy was to sit at the very back of the train and watch the bright circle of the station dwindle like a camera-lens stopped down.

But the "drama of it" was beginning to grip me with curiosity and pleasure, and at moments almost with anguish.

\* \* \* \* \*  
The delicate Poetess (I can't, you see, take my eyes off her) continues to play admirably. An old woman seated opposite glares, flashes her rings, blows cigarette smoke across; but not she or the murdered bird in her hair can distract for an instant from the work in progress.

Then a big man, hatless, with tie deranged, comes to sit a couple of seats away. He begins dabbing at one eye. At first we pay scant attention, being caught in a silken web, but then we note cotton wool, the head bowed forward, the uneasy shifting and a curious helplessness in the hand unemployed. Pain! This quite alters the situation. Furiously the old woman smokes and coughs: our swan, after some surreptitious glances, looks put out. What's this intrusion on sweet sorrow? A pain in the eye! Hardly decent! And how admirably now (and no doubt with good cause) he embodies it, so that we're uncomfortable and attentive to the further ends of the carriage. He dabs; she scribbles. She does her utmost, finding nobler words and gauging starker distances; but it's no good. All eyes pass her by. And though this inconsiderately weeping lump gets out at the next station our thoughts follow him to hard hospital benches, tiled corridors, the desk and the instrument tray.

Then the question arises whether, a little later on (between Stockwell, say, and Clapham South) and upon audiences knowing nothing of the eye-sufferer, she can re-establish her spell. Not destiny, but destination, robs me of the answer: I must leap up in a panic and fly away through the doors as they snap at me.

\* \* \* \* \*  
I'm in time, and I've tasted Eternity. G. W. STONIER



*"Then of course as the tide goes out, they get trapped."*





THE time was a few minutes before ten o'clock on a sunny June morning; the place, my consulting room, where I was standing; my old wound aching dullly, in the midst of a knot of patients who had managed to overturn my secretary, Miss Gillibank, and invade my consulting room in force. An elderly woman in purple trousers, a cigarette dangling from the corner of her mouth, was thrusting a shrieking infant into my very face; a heavily-built bus conductor and a Salvation Army captain, their tongues protruded, plucked me violently by the arms; in the corner of the room a saintly-faced old clergyman was quietly divesting himself of his shirt. Suddenly the door was flung open, an incisive voice exclaimed "You are right, Watson! Life in the National Health Service has become too much for you!" and in another moment I found my hand being warmly shaken by my old friend Sherlock Holmes.

"Forgive this untimely intrusion, my dear fellow," he said. "The fact is that I have ventured to ask one of my clients to meet me here, since I am temporarily without a consulting room. The case may be of some interest, and I should welcome your co-operation."

"My dear Holmes," I said, "I should be proud to be of service. When will your client arrive?"

"Almost immediately. You can work and listen simultaneously?"

"I think so."

"Excellent!" He turned to the

old clergyman. "You find it easier to mount your bicycle by means of the back step?"

Before the astonished old man had time to reply, the door was flung violently open and a tall, soldierly-looking figure burst into the room, followed by a disorderly mob of patients, Miss Gillibank struggling feebly in their midst. The first-comer paused, glancing doubtfully around him, but Holmes quickly stepped forward, proffering his hand.

"Mr. Pleydell, of White Ladies, if I mistake not?" he said.

For the next few moments I was fully occupied in reducing the noisy throng of patients to some sort of order, and in attempting to muffle the screams of several more babies who had been carried into the room, but I was soon methodically plying stethoscope and thermometer, and listening with keen interest to Mr. Pleydell's narrative.

"The White Ladies household," he said, "consists of my brother-in-law, Berry Pleydell, who is also my cousin; his wife Daphne, who is my sister; myself; and Jonah and Jill Mansell, a brother and sister who are cousins to all of us. Do I make myself clear?"

"Pray continue your most interesting statement."

"Crippling taxation, and the drudgery of sticking on these wretched stamps, have reduced our staff to a minimum. We retain our butler, Falcon, two footmen, Flail and Bloodstock, our housekeeper, Mrs. Festival, and a cook, Jane

Bugworth. All have been in our service for many years.

"In the early hours of the morning of the fifth of June I was awakened by a noise, and decided to investigate the cause. Finding that a window had been forced, I immediately roused the household and we made a thorough search of the building. Mr. Holmes, eight pairs of evening trousers had been stolen."

Looking up from a strangulated epiglottis, I saw my friend rub his hands in keen enjoyment.

"This is certainly very novel," said he.

"Now, in these unhappy times, when we find ourselves flinging the grounds open to the public to meet the cost of turning the footmen's liveries, such a loss is of course disastrous; but there is an added vexation. On Thursday, our local flower show dance is to be held, and an ancient family tradition will be broken if a male Pleydell does not attend it. Yet new trousers cannot be tailored in the time."

"Could they not be purchased ready-made?"

"I suppose such things are done, Mr. Holmes: at White Ladies we see little of the more sombre side of life. However, I fear that the course you suggest would be unthinkable to a Pleydell."

"Then we must act without delay. First, are there any newcomers among your immediate neighbours?"

"There is a family called Parkinson. They bought Monkshood Royal

from dear old Vandy Sabre just after the Diamond Jubilee."

"No one more recent?"

"Well, there is Wooster. He and his manservant run a poultry farm on a piece of land rented from Millicent Tantamount."

"He is rich?"

"On the contrary, he is heavily in debt, and any profits from the farm speedily find their way into the pockets of the football pool promoters."

"You fill me with interest. Would it be possible to visit this Wooster to-day?"

"Certainly. My car is outside, and I should be glad to take you."

"Excellent. You will introduce us as two Buff Orpington enthusiasts from Cornwall. You can come, I take it, Watson?—I see that your labours are finished."

"It would be a great pleasure."

On our journey, Mr. Pleydell was often forced to stop his car—one of famous make but something of a veteran—and trudge back along the road to retrieve some part of the mechanism which had fallen off, and during these delays Holmes had ample opportunity to tell me something of how he had fared since our last meeting.

"I have left my Sussex bee-farm, he said. "In turning over some old socks, my housekeeper came upon a couple of human ears—you remember the Cardboard Box affair?—and the foolish creature rushed out of the house in a huff and refused to return.

Then, during an exceedingly delicate chemical experiment, I had the misfortune to blow the roof off a small outhouse which I had made my laboratory. After this I found myself unable to secure domestic help of any kind, and was forced to remove to a small private hotel in the Baker Street area, where I have been ever since. Until recently, I have received clients in the lounge, but a few weeks ago, while coffee was being served there, Lestrade and I had a violent struggle with an immensely powerful Tibetan lama, and since then I have been without a consulting room of any kind. Only the other day, entering upon an investigation so delicate that the slightest slip would have meant disaster and the plunging of the whole civilized world into unthinkable catastrophe, I was forced to ask the great statesman who approached me on the matter—one so eminent that I must not mention his name even to you—to smoke his cigar in one of the cubicles at the Caxton Road swimming baths. These are strange and altered times, Watson, and I cannot say that I care for them."

So slow was our pace that it was late afternoon before we arrived at our destination. Mr. Wooster, a cheerful-looking young man in rather shabby tweeds, greeted us warmly when we were ushered into his presence by a suave manservant, and readily agreed to show us over his farm.

"Oh, by Jove, dash it, absolutely!" he exclaimed. "What, as one might say, ho! Jeeves!"

"Sir?"

"Flock round."

"Very good, sir. The bowler hat or the sou'wester?"

"The sou'wester."

"Yes, sir. And the tie, if I may suggest it, perhaps a shade more tightly knotted. Now, gentlemen, if you will kindly follow me . . ."

Holmes made a thorough inspection of the farm, asking a good many questions. In the store-room he picked up a square of dark cloth which was lying on a bench.

"I see you use the very best cleaning materials," he said.

"I keep it to rub up the bird's plumage, sir," said the manservant. "A glossy finish to a show entry often serves to predispose the judge in its favour."

"The thought is an ingenious one, and does you credit."

"I endeavour to give satisfaction, sir."

As we approached the gate of the farm, our tour completed, Holmes, who was walking in a curious zigzag a little ahead of us, suddenly stumbled and fell flat on his face in the grass. I was at his side in an instant, and as I helped him to his feet, I saw that his eyes were sparkling with excitement.

"It is a mere nothing," he said, laughing heartily. "I cannot think how I came to be so clumsy."

In a few moments we had said farewell to Mr. Wooster and taken our departure. No sooner, however, were we out of sight of the farm than Holmes requested Pleydell to stop the car.

"They have the trousers," he said. "I must ask you to follow me and to carry out my instructions to the letter."

In considerable bewilderment, Pleydell and I accompanied Holmes up a steep, narrow lane, over a stile, and across a field. Crouching low, we crept along beside a thick hedge, through which my friend peered from time to time. At last he came to a halt.

"We are now standing opposite the farm," he whispered, "and about fifty yards from the hut occupied by





the manservant. I wish you, Mr. Pleydell, to squeeze cautiously through the hedge and crawl to the hut on hands and knees. Here is to-day's paper. You will place it against the woodwork, cover it lightly with grass, and ignite it. Directly it begins to smoke, shout 'Fire!' at the top of your voice. Watson and I will join in the alarm. Can you do this?"

"I think so."

As our client wormed his way towards the hut, I saw that Wooster and the manservant were still standing where we had left them. The servant appeared to have his hands on his master's shoulders.

"What can they be doing?" I whispered.

For a moment, Holmes seemed to share my perplexity, and then his face cleared.

"Excellent!" he exclaimed. "He is adjusting his master's braces. The fall of the trousers is not to his liking."

"I confess that I fail to see how this helps us."

"Is it possible that you do not realize its significance? Remember the two Coptic Patriarchs."

"But they had no—"

"Tut, I have no time! See, there is the smoke! Now, Watson!"

"Fire!" we roared, at the full stretch of our lungs.

The effect was astounding. While Wooster stood like a man of stone, his mouth wide open, the manservant turned and rushed across the field like a madman. In a moment he had reached the hut, wrenched the door open, and darted inside. Even as Holmes and I

dashed forward he reappeared in the doorway, carrying a large bundle. With the bound of a tiger, Holmes was upon him and had wrested his burden from his grasp.

"Allow me to present you, Mr. Pleydell," he shouted, drawing himself up to his full height, "with the missing White Ladies trousers!"

For a moment Pleydell and I stood transfixed with astonishment, and then with one accord we both burst out clapping as though at a play. As Wooster came panting up and joined our applause in a bemused fashion, Holmes thrust the trousers into Pleydell's arms and turned to Jeeves.

"I propose to run over the course of the events that have brought you to this unhappy plight," he said. "You will correct me if I go wrong."

"Very good, sir."

"Four, or possibly five days ago Mr. Wooster, returning to the farm after a night of merrymaking, stumbled into a tub of wet mash, ruining his one remaining pair of evening trousers. The tub has since been moved, but its mark remains in the grass, and round it a close examination reveals some dozens of meal-encrusted footprints. Similar marks lead by a devious route to Mr. Wooster's house. Your master had been invited to the flower show dance, and he now had no trousers in which to attend it."

"Only the brown tweeds, sir, or the Bedford cord riding breeches. They would have occasioned unfavourable comment."

"Exactly. You take a pride in your master's appearance, as we saw this afternoon, and you decided to supply his needs with a plentiful selection from the White Ladies wardrobes. You then—most unwisely, as it turned out—converted Mr. Wooster's soiled trousers into polishing cloths."

"Precisely, sir."

"Well, it is not for me to judge you. You were loyal to your master, and did your best for him. Poor helpless worms that we are, why does Fate play these tricks upon us?"

"I could not say, sir."

"Nevertheless, there must be no more burglaries. Look well into your soul this night, my friend, and beat down this lawless demon who has brought you low."

"I will attend to the matter, sir, directly I have laid out Mr. Wooster's riding breeches for dinner."

\* \* \* \* \*

"The case has proved absurdly simple," said Holmes, as we stood together, later that evening, in the corridor of the Southampton to London express. "We must hope for better things when I take the next step in this tremendous international affair the day after to-morrow."

"You wish to use my consulting room?"

"If you would be so good. Do not be surprised if my client is masked. And if you could contrive, my dear fellow, to lay in a bottle of vodka, and perhaps a pot or two of caviar, I should be infinitely obliged to you."

T. S. WATT



## INJUSTICE TO MEN

WHY are all these magnificent prizes in the field of industry given to young women? Why do we never see any announcement like this in the papers?—

A GREAT FREE HOLIDAY IN THE LAND OF MORNING

WANTED THE PERFECT TICKET INSPECTOR

A CHANCE TO SEE THE GORGEOUS EAST

If you are a Ticket Inspector, enter now for the great *Morning News* Competition which provides for the winner a free holiday by air in the gorgeous East, stopping at Karachi, Bombay, Colombo and Singapore. The *Morning News*, in conjunction with British Railways, the London Transport Board and the T.U.C., has decided to give this magnificent free holiday to the perfect Mr. Ticket Inspector of Great Britain, chosen by photograph, testimonial from his employers, and the public in general.

What are the requisite qualities for the perfect Ticket Inspector?—Adroitness? Reliability? Personality? Tact? Bonhomie? Courtesy? Intelligence? Smartness of Turn-out? Probably all of these.

### THE TAJ MAHAL

Very few British Ticket Inspectors have seen the Taj Mahal. Now is their chance to do so. The Taj Mahal was built by the Emperor Shah Jehan for himself and his favourite wife, more than three hundred years ago. Twenty thousand men were employed incessantly in building it for twenty-two years. The man chosen as the perfect Ticket Collector of Great Britain who is photographed standing in front of the Taj Mahal will have something to talk about when he gets home.

### ADAM'S PEAK

On this remarkable eminence may be seen the footstep of Gautama Buddha. It is also supposed to be the scene of Adam's penitence after his expulsion from Paradise. Mohammedans say that Adam stood for a thousand years on one foot to make this world-famed impression on the mountain top. The perfect Ticket Inspector will be able to choose which story to believe. His ability to do so will be a test of his worthiness of the prize that he has won.

### HOW TO COMPETE

Send your photograph, accompanied by your record, addressed to:

BRITAIN'S PERFECT TICKET INSPECTOR  
THE MORNING NEWS  
EVEREST HOUSE  
E.C.4

Testimonials from pleased passengers may also be submitted, together with specimens of punched tickets,

where these are employed in the course of the competitor's duties, accompanied by a certificate that no portion of a passenger's hand has been injured by the machinery.

The perfect Ticket Inspector will also be able to witness the dances of Nautch Girls, the herding of wild elephants, and may visit Bali, whose inhabitants have expressed a wish to entertain him. Here there will be a film test on the volcanic peak of Ganungagung.

The competition will be judged by a distinguished panel, with the Editor of the *Morning News* on the platform. All entries must reach the office by July 31. Asia awaits with bated breath the visit of the perfect Ticket Inspector of the West, whose appearance will add a new note of glamour to Coronation Year.

EVOE

6 6

## LEAF-SHADOW

SO often has the linden on the lawn—  
its draughtsman's board—  
in green and black and gold  
drawn, erased, drawn again, rubbed out, re-drawn  
a brief, bright-traced,  
leaf-light-laced  
pattern, more intricate than the pattern scrolled  
on the sand by the kitten-lapping summer sea.

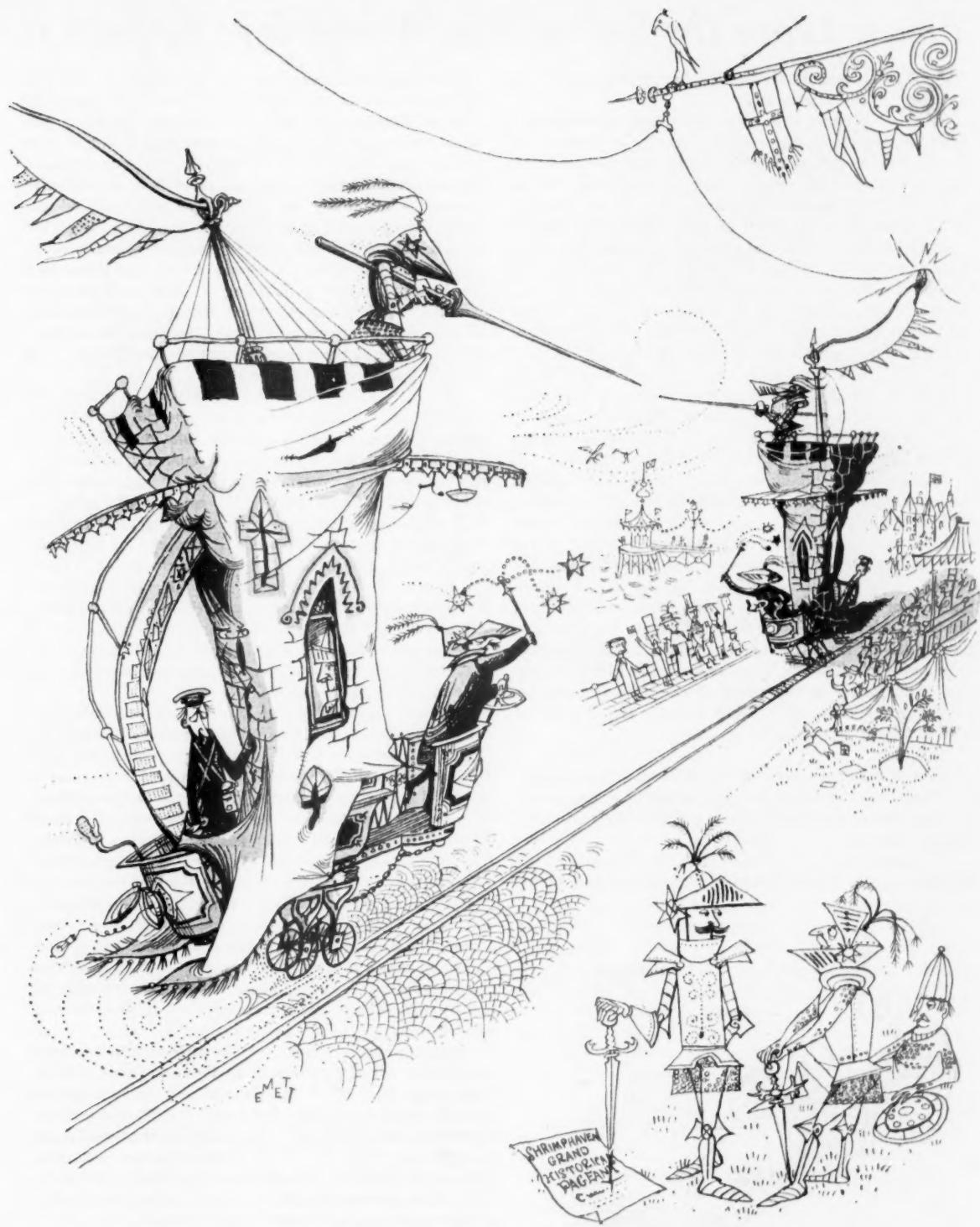
Is this the pattern of what the afternoon should  
be?—

perhaps, to day, from all the memories stored  
in root and hole and branch, it will unfold  
from some forgotten lustrum the one, right  
and perfect pattern, and draw it accurately  
for the afternoon to copy in shade and light:

wind-flawed, wind-flowing,  
sun-strawed, cloud-blowing,  
the shadow soft as the velvet noise of bees,  
the light as lazy as the sibilant breeze—  
the breeze, that incorrigible potterer  
among the rock-plants and the lavender.

The linden will get the pattern right, I know,  
one of these afternoons, and there will be  
a chequered cloth set in a chequer'd shade:  
but not this afternoon, I am afraid.  
Again and again I watch the linden draw  
cross-hatching shallow, wind-flaw and sun-straw,  
sketch after sketch with racing  
brush, leaf-light-interlacing . . .  
Perhaps the linden got the pattern right:  
and the afternoon copied it in gold-filigree  
before they shook my shoulder, crying "Tea!"

R. C. SCRIVEN



*"I'd no idea the Prom. would so lend itself to Pageantry."*

## Please Leave the Sea as You Would Like to Find It

**W**ITH a snap of razor-toothed jaws he seized two of the anchovies."

If this were a quotation from some novel of high life, no exception could reasonably be taken to it. People get hungry at cocktail parties and must snap up whatever is offered. But, in fact, it comes from Rachel Carson's *Under the Sea-Wind* and will serve well enough as an example of the kind of free-and-easy familiarity with the secrets of the deep that is so distressing to the romantic mind. "Two clean-severed heads," Miss Carson continues in her jaunty way, "and two tails floated away. The taste of blood was in the water. As though maddened by it, the bluefish slashed to right and left. As the carnage spread, the clear green . . ." But we haven't time to go into all that now. What happened was that the school of anchovies, harassed beyond endurance by these beastly bluefish, broke up well before the scheduled end of term and made for the surface of the sea, where they were eaten by gulls.

Meanwhile a young mackerel, regrettably named Scomber but wiser in his generation than the anchovies, took a turn down into deeper water to get out of the turmoil and had time to crush the transparent bodies of a few crustacean larvae against the roof of his mouth before being seized round the tail by the two-foot tentacle of a comb jelly (one of the Pleurobrachia, if all the truth were told). Closer and closer he was drawn to the mouth of the dreaded ctenophore. "Now he was within an inch of the cold, smooth-surfaced blob of jelly that spun gently in the water, keeping its position by an easy, monotonous beating of the eight rows of ciliated plates or combs."

Golly!

Can Scomber escape from his hideous predicament? Or will he be seized, despite his spasmodic struggles, by the lobe-like lips of the creature's mouth and ruthlessly ingested into its central sac?

Yes and no, as a matter of fact—in that order. It would have gone ill with Scomber, had not the ctenophore

already ingested more than a sacful of herring and been obliged to keep the mackerel waiting while it desperately tried to swallow the tail end of its earlier victim. The delay saved our hero. You cannot hang about in Miss Carson's sea finishing old mouthfuls. "A great torpedo-shaped body loomed in the water, a cavernous mouth opened"—and blow me down if a two-year-old sea trout didn't engulf ctenophore, half herring, Scomber and all. Now sea trout dislike the taste of ctenophores . . .

But enough of this. The point I wish to make is that all this unpleasantness is going on in the sea in which you and I, dear reader, hope shortly to be floating, keeping our positions by an easy, monotonous beating of our (to a greater or less extent) ciliated limbs. And I don't like it.

It was bad enough to be told—in Miss Carson's earlier book *The Sea Around Us*—that the sea rocks or slops about continually in its basin. One knew that it was agitated by wind, waves, tides, currents, swells and submarine disturbances, but this is something else again—something to do with the rotation of the earth, if I remember rightly—and to be told that the sea slops about from side to side is simply to reduce it, to my mind, to the level of washing-up water. That, as I say, is bad enough, without the additional information that the water in which I am about to bathe is stained with the blood of inconceivable numbers of anchovies and fouled by half-herrings and ctenophores spat out by sea trout. No wonder you can smell the sea—or so non-smokers tell me.

All this popular interest in what goes on under the surface of the ocean is as modern as it is misguided. Oceanography used to be left to ships with names like *Erebus* and *Challenger*, which went away for years at a time and kept their disgusting discoveries to themselves. If you wanted to take a peep at the old bones and ooze they dredged up you joined a society and read journals. Now there are thousands of people who spend the greater part of their spare time investigating the bottom of the sea, in person. They wear goggles and flippers, and carry tinned air on their backs and spears and cameras in their hands, and they poke about among the rocks and seaweed fifteen fathoms down, scaring the wits out of conger eels and pollock which have enough to put up with already in all conscience, as Miss Carson will tell you.

I don't like it. I want my sea to be mysterious and unplumbed, and I want to sit at the very edge of it in happy ignorance of its secrets and the slaughterhouse atmosphere of the place. I did take a look under there myself once, as it happens. I fixed a pair of goggles over my eyes and filled my mouth with the rubber end of a kind of tube which curved away up above my head. Then I lay on my face on the water, about five yards off the south coast of France, and looked down.

It was not unpleasant, though my mouth was somewhat more distended with rubber than was altogether convenient; I could not, for instance, have seized a



"Well, it's started the clock going, anyhow."



"P.S. Please excuse scribble."

mackerel with my lobe-like lips, even if I had been so disposed. The sea-bottom was smooth, sandy and delicately sprinkled with shells. Visibility was excellent. Small fish with striped jerseys swam this way and that. Nobody severed their heads or slashed right and left at them as though maddened. The water, when I cautiously savoured it, had no taste of blood.

But another day, not content to leave well alone, I assumed my apparatus on a different and a more rocky shore and found myself gazing down at boulders and much seaweed of a fleshy kind. I did not care for it, and swam on hoping for sand. Then a terrible thing happened. The bottom fell out of the sea. With hideous suddenness the sea-bed dropped away and I was suspended above a black, impenetrable abyss of water. Waving vegetation fringed this grisly chasm, bringing to mind, for some reason, a vision of enormous octopi with eyes like millstones.

Conan Doyle has well described the edge of one of these holes in the ocean, and I do not propose to add anything to what he says in *The Maracot Deep*. Miss Carson, writing of abysses in general, says that "the bottom is covered with a deep, soft deposit of inorganic clays and of the insoluble remains of minute sea

creatures." I don't quarrel with that either. Placed as I was, this Captain Cousteau, who wears an aqua-lung and frolics with sharks, would no doubt have dived down a mile or two just to check up on Miss Carson's findings, with only an occasional shout to keep the sting-rays at bay. But for myself, I turned and made for the shore like a launce pursued by whiting.

Since that day I have refrained from poking about in great waters where I have no business. If others wish to goggle in the deep, by all means let them do so. I only ask that they should keep quiet about what they find. Then, perhaps, I shall be able to get this taste of ctenophores out of my mouth when I take my annual bathe.

H. F. ELLIS

#### Classics a Must for Slick Gimmick, says Ad-man

"The Italian poet, Dante, once wrote a vividly detailed description of Hades entitled 'Inferno.' One thing he neglected to mention, however, is how 'Old Nick' keeps things painted and ship-shape amid all the fire and smoke. In Dante's time there was no answer, but to-day, thanks to the Tropical Paint and Oil Company of Cleveland, Ohio . . ."

Aluminium News

## SO COMPLETELY UNSPOILED

WHEN my dear friends the Dampleas recommended me to go to — for a week's holiday, they made me promise that I wouldn't tell anyone else about it. I'm afraid therefore that I can't give you its name. As Eileen Damplea said in her flat colourless voice which somehow seems to accord so well with her flat, colourless face and the yards of flat colourless wool which she is perpetually knitting into nameless, shapeless garments, "You see it's so completely unspoiled and we're terrified of people getting to know about it and . . . and spoiling it." Eileen's vocabulary is somewhat limited, though her flow of talk is not. In any case, it doesn't really matter, because, if you take a map of England and a pin, and stick the pin into any coastal town that is large enough to be named and yet is not one of the big seaside places that we all know to have been "spoiled" years ago, you will hit upon — or another place so exactly like it that the difference is of no importance.

The primary feature of such "unspoiled" resorts is that many years ago some enterprising persons had intended to make them into large popular holiday towns of the kind that can be immediately recognized as "spoiled." Only the subsequent discovery of some major

natural obstacle such as sinking sands, annual visits of shoals of poisonously jellyfish, midget maelstroms or all three together has saved these little gems of Nature from the full ravages of commercial development. The unrealized schemes of past *entrepreneurs*, however, have usually left their mark in the shape of some unfinished pier, half completed parade or ornamental garden that is now a mass of overgrown privet and veronica. The pier at — is a superb example of its kind, ending sharply and romantically in mid-air, and possessing the amusing distraction of a now somewhat rusty machine by which, after the insertion of a penny, the hardy may test their powers of resistance to a series of minor electric shocks. Various attempts to complete the pier and the parade have been pluckily and successfully resisted by the retired residents, nursing homes, convalescent homes and boarding-schools who are naturally anxious to keep the place "select." To savour to the full the gentle, melancholy charm of the Piranesi-like half-constructed seascapes they should be seen on an English summer day of mild drizzle or white sea mist. It is then immediately clear how persuasive is their appeal to persons recovering from nervous breakdowns or the after-effects of influenza, and, of course, to the parents or guardians of groups of small children.

There is usually one larger hotel showing the architectural influence of the French château on Edwardian taste. This hotel was perhaps designed for slightly balmier prospects than have materialized; but for those who demand a certain opulence when on holiday there is usually a menu offering such cosmopolitan attractions as Crème Parmentier, Filets de merlan, Petits pois (processed) and Pêche melba (tubs). Many of the more enterprising of these hotels have added Jus de tomate to the evening menu to appeal to the American tourist.

If, however, your taste is more homely, a lovely old 1875 mansion, Italianate in design, has been adapted as a guest house. Lying on the

outskirts of the town between the allotment quarter and the now unoccupied Army huts, it offers the attraction of both country and seaside. The fields nearby with their overgrown Home Guard trenches, barbed wire artfully concealed in bramble bushes and occasional unexploded mine make an ideal playground for the modern child who demands an element of realism in his games.

There are also, of course, a number of "rooms" available for the more limited purse.

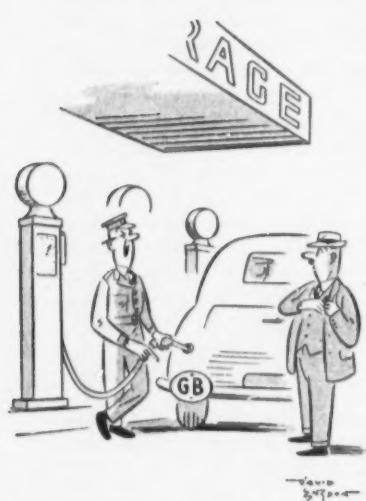
The district that surrounds these unspoilt resorts, whether they be east, west, north or south on England's coast-line, nearly always possesses some feature of historical interest. Ugg's tower near — is a good example. This quaint, rocky mound has been variously explained as a Neolithic barrow, a defence against the Danes, a monument of Tudor greatness, or an example of those charming Gothic follies so beloved of the eighteenth century. Whatever its origin, however, its appeal to the visitor is eternal.

For the less active or those without motor cars, a visit to the old part of the town which overlooks the sea from the height of a steep hill always remains a possibility. One grey stone house near the Victorian Perpendicular church probably dates from 1790. Another, reconstructed in 1924, is built on the site of a fourteenth century farmhouse. The Tudor shop is of modern origin.

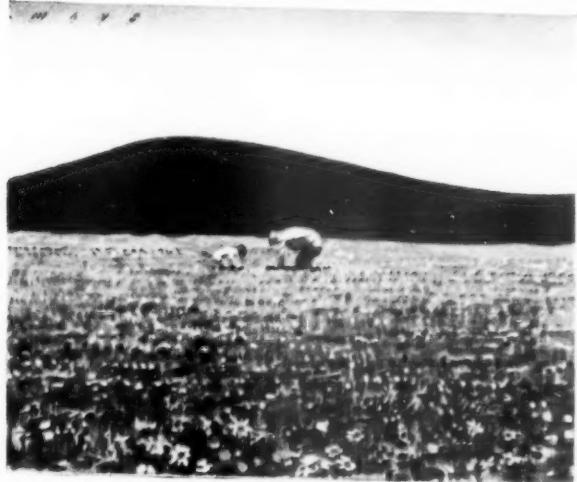
No holiday at the English seaside is complete without morning coffee. The unspoiled resorts are peculiarly rich in tea-rooms. At —, for instance, there is a choice of "The Marmalade Pot," which was once run by ladies; and Brown's Tea Room, which never was.

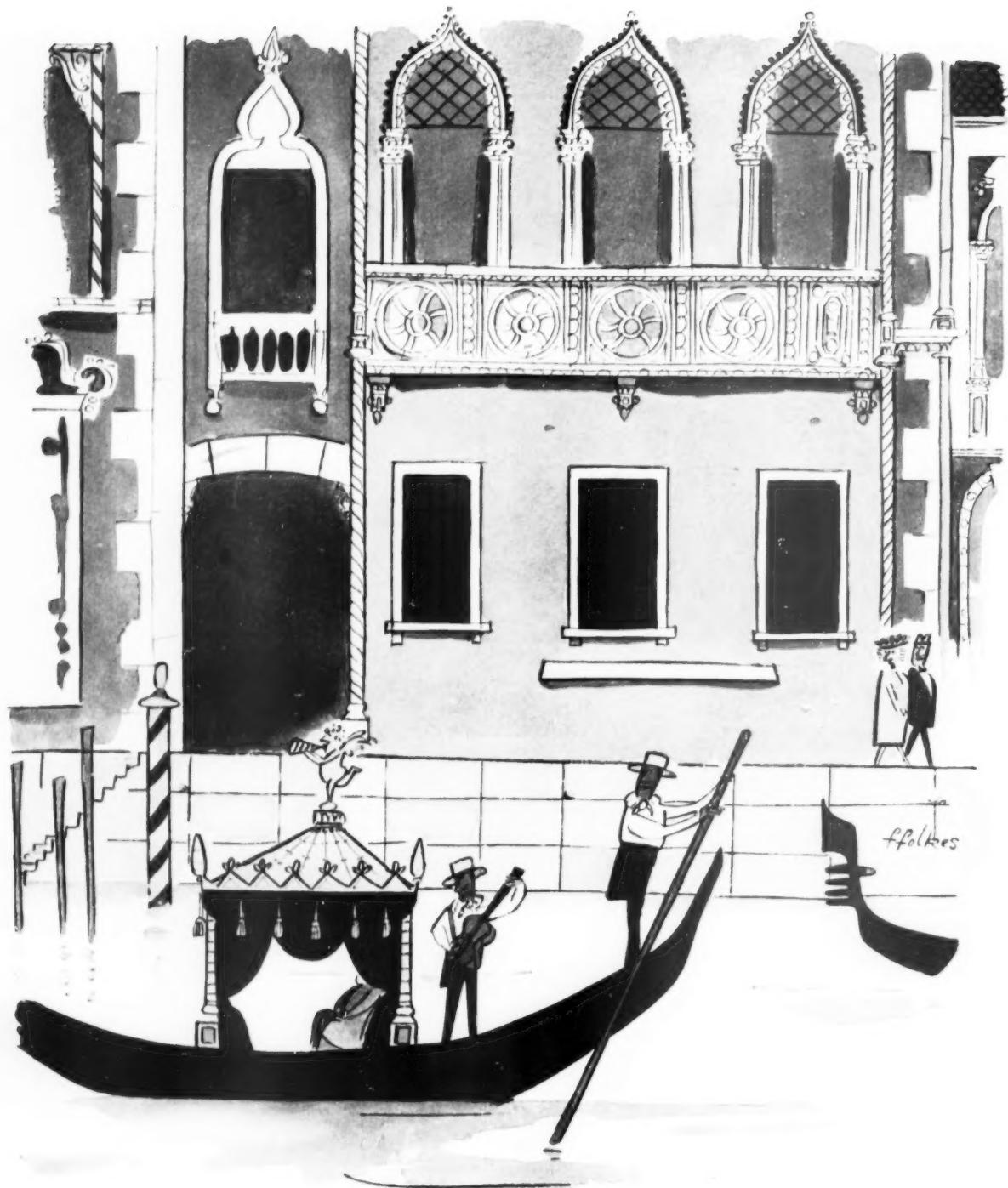
Altogether — and its sister resorts are ideal for those who wish to dawdle away their vacation, watching the empty days stretch ahead of them in an endless vista, so that when the annual fortnight's holiday comes to its end, parents and children alike feel that it has been more like a lifetime.

ANGUS WILSON

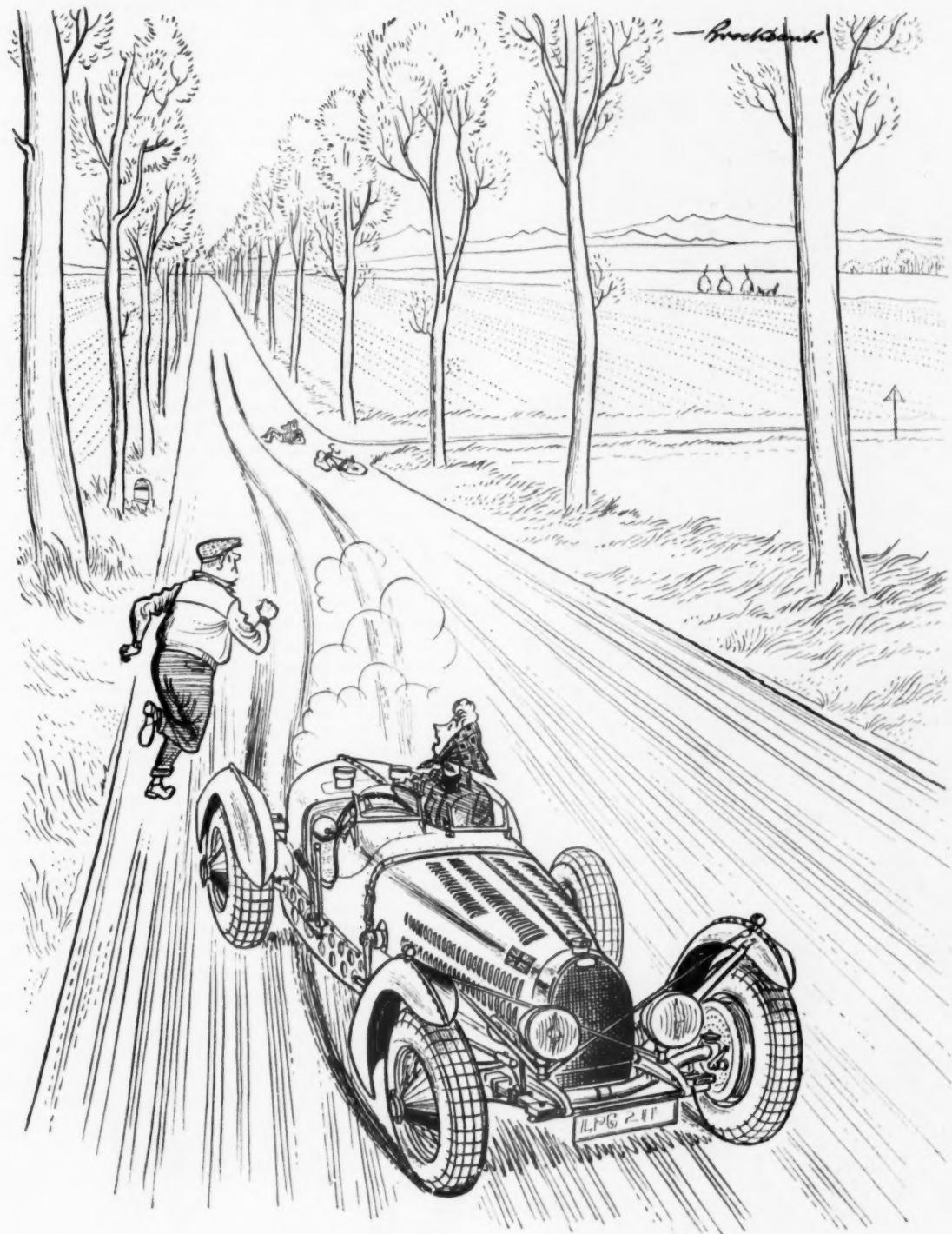


"Been abroad, going,  
or previous owner?"





*"Good heavens! Aren't those the Barlows of 17 Acacia Avenue?"*



*"While you're about it, ask him if he knows a good place for lunch."*

# The Test Match



**A**BOUT the sunny breakfast-table see  
That charming sight, an English family!  
Parents and children twain are well supplied  
With bacon, egg, and bread, all nicely fried;  
And Mr. Brown, the father, ere he reads  
The paper, scans it for the page he needs.  
"Daddy," his little daughter cries, "I long  
To hear you sing that very funny song";  
"Daddy," his little son cries, "at the Zoo  
They have a tunnel place for walking through";  
"Hush, children," says their mother, "do not tease  
Your father with your merry chatter, please;  
There is a Test Match on, and he must find  
The page to which such subjects are assigned,  
And pray, Matilda, move that sticky plate  
Until he gets the paper folded straight;  
And do not hit him with the butter-knife;  
I never knew such manners in my life!  
Why, goodness me! I see what you would say!  
That is the paper dated yesterday!  
Poor Daddy! How he hurries to the door!  
I've never known the papers late before!  
He'll have to buy one on his way to town."  
And so the Test Match starts for Mr. Brown.

The station waiting-room, a tiny dump,  
Displays a pile of papers, with a lump  
Of rock on top, and at the side a tin  
For customers to put their money in;  
The stock is never big or wide enough  
And dwindles fast to esoteric stuff.  
No matter; Mr. Brown will find a friend  
Who has a paper, and is pleased to lend.

The train is rather empty; of the three  
Strange women he may claim for company,  
One sports a magazine and one a book,  
The third some knitting and a vacant look;  
How glad he is he bought the *Poultry World*!  
What lore of mash and pullet here unfurled!  
Yet glittering fancies weave the hen-coop round,  
The thoughts of cricket-lovers, office-bound;  
The train dissolves; he holds a printed card,  
He sits upon a cushion square and hard;



His coat is off, he rolls his shirt-sleeves up,  
He has a bottle and a plastic cup,  
And every now and then he puts his feet  
Upon the packet that he hopes to eat.  
O flashing scoreboard! O the rattling hands,  
The sunlit players and the shadowy stands  
And all a golden day before him! O  
His Hornby and his Barlow long ago!

The small Matilda, safely now at school,  
Commits to mind the orthographic rule;  
The smaller James, in yellow dungarees,  
Digs at his garden, where he sowed the peas;  
Their mother, at the washing-up again,  
Turns on the wireless which will feed her brain.  
And here's the very programme of her choice,  
No songs, no music, just a talking voice!  
What does it speak of? Easy French? A quiz?  
No, surely it is cricket! Yes, it is!  
What did he say? Another wicket gone!  
Doesn't that show? You only turn it on—  
And Mrs. Brown, the hope of England's team,  
Bends all her will-power to a crafty scheme;  
By wishing very hard, she has a hunch  
She'll get the last Australian out by lunch.

Poor Mr. Brown (he works near Charing Cross)  
Has heard by lunch-time who has won the toss;  
Now, hurrying out, he makes his way along  
The sun-baked streets and through the sweltering throng  
Towards the place where as a rule there are  
For sale the *News*, the *Standard* and the *Star*.  
He notes the empty boxes, and the sack,  
And, chalked upon it, SORRY. WON'T BE BACK,  
Looks up and sees the passers-by who stop  
Before, O bliss! a television shop!  
"Bang on the door, Bert. Tell him that he must."  
"Nah! When he's shut he's shut. That's fair and just."  
"We only want it loud, Bert. Flap your ear."  
"Not likely, with them crowds of people here."  
"Game's packing up now. Wasn't worth the fuss."  
"Well, players need their dinner, same as us."

Dinner! To one at least it sounds a knell!  
Lunch with his aunt, and at his aunt's hotel!  
Taxi! He sinks inside and mops his brow;  
Who cares about a silly Test Match now?

"Mummy," says James, who scrapes the platter clean,  
"The wireless man said Test Match. What's it mean?"  
And when he hears, falls thoughtful for a span;  
"I'll play a Test Match, when I am a man."  
The doting mother gathers to her heart  
Her baby's words; thus may the future start;  
Those engine-driving dreams will fade—they do—  
But this one's different; this one's coming true.  
Pipes England's captain: "Please, I'd like some more."  
She hastens to obey, and give the score.

"No man in business can successful be  
Who has his lunch till after half-past three."  
"Alas!" cries Mr. Brown, "my journey, slowed  
By excavations in the Cromwell Road,  
Was all to please a frail relation's whim"—  
Words which, he sees, have done a bit for him;  
A somewhat milder look that face invests,  
But this is not the time to think of Tests.

James and Matilda, in the clover field,  
Sit whispering; their little secrets yield  
A laughing harvest; they are doubly blest,  
Of children both the loveliest and the best.  
How sweet, how sweet the summer hour goes by  
On the soft grass, beneath an azure sky;  
The pigmy wireless, murmuring on the air,  
Defiles it not, but rather brings its share,  
The still sad music of humanity,  
All that man is and all he hopes to be;  
His glory, and his dust; his praise, his blame—  
Whoever said that cricket's but a game?

"It's five o'clock," says Mrs. Brown; and so  
She picks the wireless up, and home they go.  
And home comes Mr. Brown; he's feeling good;  
The Test Match going as he said it would;  
The morning papers, both as yet unread;  
His angel-children fast asleep in bed;  
His loving wife who waits him with a dish  
Of chicken. Everything that he could wish.

The light is fading; in the garden sit  
These two, to get the very last of it;  
Both having, in their own peculiar way,  
Had all the Test Match and the summer's day.

ANDE





*"And that's as far as you can go with £40."*

# The Maker of Tyrolean Trousers

IT was those infernal leather trousers for Alfred which really did us in. Mind you, they were a good long-term investment. The man in the Innsbruck shop where we bought them had a pair on which he'd inherited from his grandfather after a lawsuit over the will which must have cost him £50 per trouser-leg. And the ones which our inn-keeper sometimes wore were even older. They had first been made for an ancestor who'd gone for the tender portions of Napoleon's infantry with Andreas Hofer's pitchfork cavalry one hundred and fifty years ago. Of course, this pair weren't exactly *trousers* any more. They were black and stiff and shiny like a suit of armour, and after church on Sundays the old boy used to be reverently lowered into them from a high chair by the family.

Part of the trouble, of course, was that we had come into Austria all wrong in the first place. If only we had listened a bit more carefully to that clever little man with the gold teeth we met in the Café Royal just before starting out! He was telling people at our table all about a wonderful fortnight he'd had last summer in Yugoslavia—on nothing but two pairs of his wife's nylons, the inner tube from his spare tyre and a packet of tail-combs which apparently sold like hot cakes to the girls down the Dalmatian coast.

It sounded so marvellously *legal* that we turned him on to Austria. "Easy," he pronounced.

The fatal thing—he said—was for the tourist to approach the country directly from the west. You had to find its financial underbelly and come in weaving from the south. The thing to do, in fact (this is what we *think* he said) was to change *all* your £40 into German D-marks first of all. Then, moving swiftly south,

you changed *half* of that into Swiss francs, then slap through into Italy where you changed *all* (D-marks and francs) into Italian lire. You then went somewhere near the Austrian border—Udine or, even better, Trieste—and changed the whole lot into schillings and thus into Austria.

Well, we tried it. It was a bit exhausting because, to keep to the rules, you could have only one main meal a day during the two days the currency-trek took up. But you were supposed to land up in Klagenfurt all expenses paid and about £10 per head to the good.

I can't think what went wrong with us. Either we ate into our profits en route, so to say, and they all went

down in ravioli, or—like so many others—we got tangled up over Trieste. But whatever it was, we landed up in Carinthia with nearly £10 less per head than if we'd come in direct from the other end.

However, we said to ourselves, it's the "cheapest tourist paradise in Europe," so don't worry. And that was just the trouble. Insolvency as such travels abroad with you these days like a passport wherever you go. But in the expensive countries the enemy is always in sight. You *know* that the suite in the luxury hotel is going to cost you £5 per inch of carpet-pile per night, and that even the back bedroom in the pension you can't find in Michelin comes out at 10s. per flea. You can literally watch the big notes fluttering away like butterflies until you're down to that heavy and useless clump of rappen and centimes.

But in Austria—which is a "cheap" country like Spain and Yugoslavia—bankruptcy is a footpad who comes on you from behind. As far as the eye can see, it's all "so cheap compared with London." That, anyway, was one reason why we got



through six months' English meat ration in a fortnight, and enough whipped cream to fill a Hollywood bubble-bath so full that even the Hays Office couldn't complain.

Shopping was even worse. I don't mean just the souvenirs, but things like india-rubbers, toothbrushes and shoe-laces. We used to go nearly crackers working out the prices compared with our High Street. Indeed, there was one terrible moment—I think it was in Salzburg—when I just stopped Alfred in the nick of time from buying a complete Alpinist's gear, including rescue signal rockets, which looked such a bargain. Alfred has never climbed anything higher than the Tower of Pisa in his life.

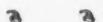
And that brings me to the trousers in Innsbruck. It was our last day and we'd separated after breakfast for a final "look at the shops." By now our books of travellers' cheques were nearly all jagged stumps, but we each had one left—mine for £2 and his for £5.

Well, you can imagine what happened. Perhaps I was rash to buy that blouse. But it was less than half the price of Bond Street and there was always Alfred's £5. And then, when I got back to the car, there he was—his cheque book *all* stumps and clutching his little leather trousers.

I've *never* eaten so much dry bread in my life as we did on the way back to Calais.

He has never actually worn the trousers. Our village is so conservative. But they make a most *unusual* ornament hanging by the fireside, and the bellows just fit beautifully into one leg.

G. S.



## Sincerity

THE sick have all my sympathy,  
My prayers for quick recovery;  
And if they cause me any trouble  
These prayers I instantly re-double.

J. R.

# TEA A TOUTES HEURES



"YOU won't find much oo-la-la," observed William Marks the taxi driver, speaking perfect Somerset English in spite of thirty years on the French side of the Channel. "Things are very quiet in Boulogne. Four hundred and eighty seven raids and the casino blown up. It takes time to recover."

He told me of the glorious days before the war when the franc needed no artificial efforts in its defence and the pound was worth twenty silver shillings and the English came over in droves on the day trips, no passports needed. They painted the town a light pink and returned to the boat at night on all fours, incoherent with happiness and almost overcome by French hospitality, having seen enough oo-la-la to last a lifetime.

To-day, the tourists are back but in smaller numbers. Boat-train passengers seldom leave the buffet of the new concrete *Gare Maritime*. Car drivers charge impatiently off the *Lord Warden*, down the wonderful new ramps, over the bridge and on to the N.1. for Paris. It is left to

excursionists on British Railways Two-Pound Trips to keep the flag flying and maintain *l'esprit d'entente* with the English-loving *Boulonnais*.

In Boulogne, as nowhere else in France, we English are loved and admired. Water is kept constantly on the boil for our endless cups of tea. Our aversion to raw meat is understood, our partiality to fish and *pommes frites* appreciated. Our simple requirements are met, our madness ignored.

A lady guide meets the boat. She holds out a pink leaflet advertising a conducted tour of the English Cemetery and the Remparts. For half-a-crown she will show us all the sites of Boulogne, full explanations everywhere. She will take us to a restaurant which provides eggs and chips, fish and chips, steak and chips, ham and chips, or we can have English tea with bread and butter, jam, cakes and champagne, just as we have at home.

Most visitors prefer to call at the *Syndicat d'Initiative* Office and receive the personal attention of

Mademoiselle Butez, a retired college lecturer. She is never happier than when tramping the sand-blown streets to the *Haute Ville* with her umbrella and brief case, conversing in English. "Over seventy, and still I learn." The tourists, needless to say, speak not a word of French.

Mademoiselle knows of walks round the *château* which once were trodden by Dickens, Thackeray and Rossetti. She can indicate the exact spot where the Tommies sang Tipperary for the first time, and she can point out hiding places used by R.A.F. pilots in the more recent conflict.

She took me round the Wednesday market in Place Dalton, hurrying past the sacks of geese and *lapins vivants* and ignoring the mounds of cheeses and polished vegetables. In triumph she halted before a crockery stall.

"English tea-pots," she announced proudly. "Family pots, brown with a stripe, exactly as in London. We *Boulonnais* are big tea drinkers, in spite of the expense—

but then, no one is here poor. We live by our fish, and when prices are high, all Boulogne drinks tea."

She picked up a white pudding basin as if handling rare china. "We are big pudding eaters, too. Steamed jam, spotted dick, we like them all. At Christmas, all Boulogne eats plum pudding. Every housewife has the authentic English recipe."

All Boulogne, apparently, has a liking for *le five o'clock*. On the market stalls I noticed fruit cake, currant buns, baps and shortbread, not to mention Edinburgh rock trimmed with tartan ribbon and sold as biscuits.

Before the war, Boulogne had a big English colony, with an English doctor, an English chemist, an English church and six English tea rooms. In those palmy days one could live in France more cheaply and in greater comfort than in England. *Hélas!* the English have now departed. The church, for lack of a congregation, has been lent to the French Protestants. Even the statue of Britannia has gone from the harbour entrance. She was destroyed by the Germans in a fit of childish temper when they occupied the town.

"How we laughed!" said Mademoiselle. "You see, we have in Boulogne the English sense of humour."

She sees nothing surprising in the sprigs of heather, the sadly inaccurate Union Jacks and Royal Family photographs which adorn shop windows. Have not fifteen Frenchwomen sat on the throne of England, one of them the daughter of the Count of Boulogne? Was not

the town once a British possession, captured and held to ransom by Henry VIII in some obscure war concerned in some way with Mary, Queen of Scots?

As a holiday resort, Boulogne has more to offer than smart Le Touquet, with its grid-iron layout of luxury shops, or little Wimereux, *plage de famille aux prix modérés*, a jewel in the opal coast. Boulogne's bathing beach may be too near to the docks for absolute cleanliness, but its fish market, its salting ateliers and its smoking sheds are second to none.

If we follow the movements of the fishing fleet in the daily paper *Le Journal du Pas-de-Calais et de la Somme*, we can meet the *Clair de Lune*, the *Petit Poilu* and the trawlers and steam drifters when they sail into harbour with their loads of herring, whiting and mackerel.

William Marks is always there at the quayside, waiting to drive home the ship's engineers and fishing plutocrats; later he goes back to do business with wealthy dock labourers—for men who have no difficulty in picking up three thousand francs a night unloading fish can hardly be expected to walk.

Fried fish, as may be expected, appears on all restaurant menus, along with mussels, shrimps, crabs and conger eels. Hollow-cheeked trippers pass hastily over tinned pilchard—the town's speciality—they won't look at pickled herring, but they enjoy succulent *sole meunière* at the Aquarium and lobster simmered in port and brandy at Café-Brasserie Jules.

Jules is cheap. Jules is always busy. Workmen drink at the *comptoir*, tradesmen sit on the terrace outside. Professional men lunch there daily, school teachers gather for coffee on Thursdays. Old sailors play cards on red padded cloths. Wedding parties dine at long festive tables, hidden in a forest of tall bottles.

"*Chez Jules*, they do not exaggerate over the prices," Mr. Marks tells his English customers. "There is no clonk on the head, no knock-out blow. And all the food is cooked in best butter, not horse grease."



Madame Jules admits to owning a British decoration for her work in the Resistance. She forgets what she did. It was simply that she knew an English milord when she met one, even when he was disguised as a French mechanic. And she has lived to refuse to tell the tale.

Once upon a time she used to serve *faux filets* all day long to English visitors. *Mais ils sont passés, ces jours de fête.* Every week during the season there is a *bal* or *kermesse* or religious procession through streets gay with fishing nets. Every day there is a *Grand Concours* of amateur singers, pigeon fanciers, yachtsmen, gymnasts, Rotarians or fish retailers. But few English seem to join in the fun.

The day trippers only want to eat, drink, take photographs of themselves, send postcards to friends and fill their shopping baskets with booty. This accomplished, they like a nice sleep on the sands until the boat sails. At 6.20 p.m. they stagger blissfully up the gangway of the *Canterbury*, the men wearing berets from Lucien's and glossy ties from the Prixunic, the women in beach hats and silk scarves.

They are not interested in culture. They have not seen the oil paintings in the Town Hall, nor the old belfry, nor the prefabricated huts of the fishermen's quarter, but their bags are bulging with chunks of cooked pork, bacon, liqueurs, brandy and strong perfume. Boulogne has done them well; and as ambassadors for Britain they have by no means disgraced themselves.

A. V. DAVIS







## HOLIDAYS AT HOME

LL the world—all the English-speaking world at any rate—takes it for granted that, once a year, the call of the wild becomes irresistible and there is nothing for it but to pack one's bags, assemble the family, and take train or coach to Blackpool or Southend, or some equally remote and windswept promontory:

*"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,  
There is a rapture on the lonely shore;  
There is society where none intrudes  
By the deep sea, and music in its roar."*

One can hardly feel that the misanthropic bard would have found much satisfaction on any of our promenades, but as he didn't find much satisfaction anywhere, what does it matter? Whether he would have liked our seaside resorts or not, he would certainly have been surprised at the clothes we wear at them. A Bikini might well have brought a blush even to that sallow cheek.

The seaside is itself a fairly new invention, but seaside clothes are newer still. A hundred years ago the ladies wore crinolines on the beach at Brighton and the gentlemen wore top hats and frock coats. The very daring put on white duck trousers to show that they really were breaking away from formality. At the end of the century the skirts had risen at least two inches from the surface of the sand, and the top hat had dwindled to a bowler.

By this time the accepted pastime for father was paddling. Boots and socks were discarded and trousers were rolled up, but the black coats and the bowler hats were retained. All photographs of the seaside at this period have the same effect, half sordid and half comical, as of some amphibious monster, unable to decide which element was really his own. With him went the family, mother nervously gathering up her voluminous skirts and venturing only a handsbreadth into the wet, and the children doing the best they could in print frocks and sailor suits.

Now, of course, all this is changed. All but the very poorest are provided with clothes suitable for the occasion. No longer is it merely a question of working clothes and Sunday best, but of tennis outfits, hiking outfits, cycling outfits and seaside outfits. It is a real revolution which would, fifty years ago, have surprised both the aristocrat and the agitator.

There is another change which they would both have found equally astonishing; and the present stage reached in the evolution of bathing costumes would have raised both the Victorian and the Edwardian eyebrow.

Bathing costumes are very peculiar garments when one comes to think of it; for the only sensible bathing costume is no costume at all. To put on clothes in order to go into the water and get them wet is, after all, sufficiently odd, and in the early days of bathing everybody seems to have recognized this. The solution, a hundred and fifty years ago, was simply to segregate the sexes and to provide the ladies with an extraordinary

umbrella-like structure extending from the door of the "bathing machine" to the surface of the sea.

The early Victorians added another refinement: a large poncho with a hole in the middle, or cloak tied round the neck. This spread out on the surface of the water to a considerable distance leaving the limbs at liberty beneath. And when the lady emerged from the sea the cloak draped itself round her in ample folds.

Bathing costumes, properly so-called, reached an extravagant degree of elaboration in the seventies and 'eighties. A high-necked tunic with half-sleeves trimmed with lace concealed most of the body. The legs were clad in trousers similarly trimmed and extending to mid-calf. A curious feature was the "rustless" corset worn under the bathing suit.

*"Nous avons changé tout cela.* But it took an astonishingly long time to do so. Up to the First World War the skirts of the female bathing costume descended to the knee; and it was even usual to wear stockings, lest any portion of the skin should be exposed to the rays of the sun and to human gaze.

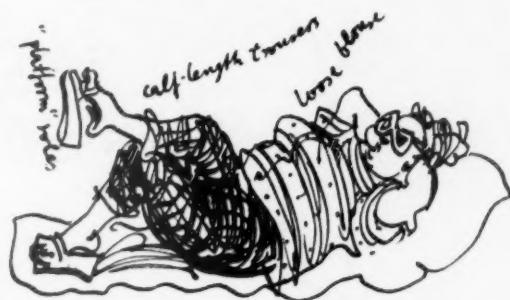
In the 'twenties bathing costumes were almost as ample as ordinary clothes, and people were prosecuted for wearing the "one-piece suit." Now, by the irony of history, the one-piece has become more decent than the two-piece, for "two-piece" has changed its meaning. The prudes of a generation ago never imagined that it could ever mean pants and brassière with a gap between.

It is the natural tendency of gaps to grow wider, whether we call them dollar-gaps or midriffs, and we have at last almost arrived at the logical end of bathing costumes with the invention of the Bikini.

There have been protests from outraged authority, there have even been attempts at suppression. The Portuguese made themselves extremely unpopular by trying to ban exiguous bathing costumes from fashionable beaches. But when has Authority ever succeeded in imposing a Sumptuary Law for more than five minutes?

There is really no need to be disturbed about it. Our beaches seem to be no more likely to become the scene of orgies than they have been in the past. We should rejoice rather that, in this matter at least, hygiene and common sense have triumphed and that bathing costumes can take their natural place among the Clothes of the Welfare State.

JAMES LAVER





## THE BRITISH HOTEL

### A Short Guide for the Foreign Visitor

#### INTRODUCTORY NOTE

**W**ITHOUT seeking to whitewash the British Hotel in its entirety, the following Guide is designed to show, by means of a few strokes of white where needed, that it is not as black as it is painted. A true half-timbered effect should result. For the reader's convenience the Guide is arranged alphabetically, and he should not work from it as a progressive *vade mecum*.

#### ALCOHOL

Insist on it. The eccentricities of British licensing hours cannot touch the *bona fide* guest in a British Hotel, as the law entitles him to purchase and consume alcohol at any time. Should he want a pint of ale after his pre-breakfast stroll, or a brandy-and-water in the small hours, he has only to ask for it. If he gets it, the compiler of these notes will be glad to have the name of the hotel.

#### ARRIVAL

It is traditional for the British hotelier and staff to keep out of sight when the guests arrive, and nothing better exemplifies the streak of diffidence in the national character. No pressure is exerted on a guest to stay, and he is given ample time to look round and see if he fancies the place. If, after repeated ringing of the bell at the reception desk, shouted inquiries as to whether there is anyone about, and a thorough exploration of all the rooms on the ground floor, you feel like walking out, do so. You will have incurred no obligation of any kind. Critics of the

British Hotel sometimes call this a "take it or leave it" attitude, an expression which has unfortunately gained currency in a context of disparagement.

#### COOKING

Under this heading the visitor from abroad should be free to form his own conclusions, summarizing them, if so inclined, in a report to the British Travel and Holidays Association. By long tradition, British Hotel toast is made the night before.

#### DEPARTURE

Take this before noon on the day of it. Should you forget to do so, however, do not fear that you will miss some later appointment, as the management will drop a hint by putting your baggage outside on the pavement. There is a small nominal charge for this, approximating to one day's bed and board. Your departure will give you the opportunity to meet and thank the staff. It is because they are permanently hanging around the front door to give guests a cordial send-off that you have not met and thanked any of them before. (But see "Service.")

#### GAMBLING

The morals of hotel guests in Britain are rigidly safeguarded under the Licensing Act of 1872, which forbids games of chance. Among those categorically proscribed are Basset, Pharaoh, Ace of Hearts, Hazard and Passage, and if you have come to this country with the specific object of engaging in these



you will be well advised to cancel your hotel bookings and seek furnished rooms. Visitors in whom the gaming mania is beyond control, however, may find some consolation under "Geography," below.

## GEOGRAPHY

Any British Hotel of standing has with the passing of the years incorporated the buildings behind and on either side of it. It is traditional in such structural amalgamations that the fabric is disturbed as little as possible, and as a rule the operation only runs to the demolition of party walls and a token attempt at matching the corridor carpets at the point of annexation. The guest looking for the bathroom can therefore play Hazard and Passage to his heart's content, having bets with himself on how many more pairs of dark stairs he is going to fall up, who the lady is who has got into his bedroom and gone to sleep while he has been away, and so on.

## MUSIC

Many foreign visitors are surprised at the liberal provision of music in the British Hotel. If you are a music-lover you should inquire at the outset whether the hotel of your choice offers this amenity. The answer is almost certain to be yes, and your next step is to ask to be quartered over the ballroom, there to enjoy an exhilarating musical entertainment, at least three times a week, until the dance is over at 2 a.m. If the perfectly placed room is already taken it may be worth while to ask for one near a ventilating shaft, as the music is traditionally piped up there where practicable.

## READING MATTER

Reading matter is plentiful, and hung up everywhere, consisting mainly of short anthologies culled from the great body of innkeeping legislation. These inform the reader that the British Hotel cannot be responsible for his property, except as settlement for an unpaid bill, and remind him (in case he should object to such an arrangement) that under the Innkeeper's Liability Act of 1863, his host is entitled to take action against his guests behaving



*"Well at least we know where he is."*

"in a violent, quarrelsome or riotous manner." Mural literature in the bedroom will tell the guest all he needs to know about the statutory times of meals, restrictions on the use of bath-water, the danger of pickpockets, the notification of infectious diseases, penalties for cutting towels with razor-blades and, in some cases, instructions about the hours of black-out. There is nothing in law, as is mistakenly supposed by some, compelling visitors to learn all this matter by heart. All that need be memorized is the schedule of meal-times. A five-minute error may cost you fourteen hours without a crumb.

## RESIDENTS' LOUNGE

In order that guests may have somewhere to go and think without interference, British Hotel managements have long adopted the practice of placing the Residents' Lounge out of bounds to the hotel staff, at any rate between the hours of 7 a.m. and midnight. Only in the early morning is a maid allowed to enter, to ensure that the windows are securely shut and to tear the backs off a few magazines. As a further safeguard the bell is usually disconnected. In many hotels the Lounge is kept

permanently locked, which naturally affords complete solitude to any guest who was in there at the time.

## SERVICE

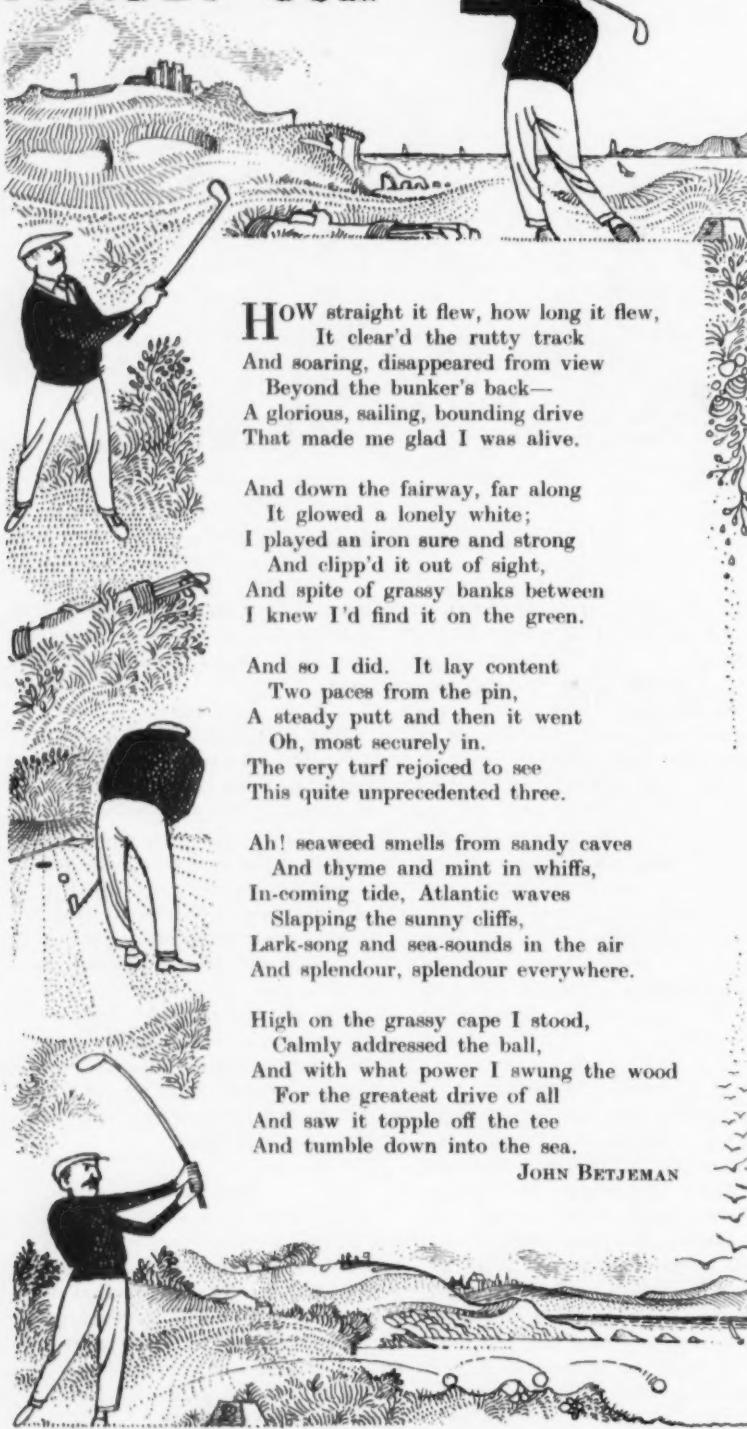
This is chiefly vested in an old man who makes a half-hearted attempt to wrest your luggage from you as soon as you have been passed by the lady receptionist and given a baulk of timber with a key attached. On account of his great age and frailty you are forbidden by tradition to let the old man take your bag. Take it yourself. He will accompany you to your room, however, and must be allowed to throw open its door on arrival, otherwise he may suffer psychological damage at having to accept an unearned tip, and his medical expenses will be charged on your bill.

## TABOOS

Experience alone can teach the full range of these, particularly as many are peculiar to individual British Hotels. The observation of three cardinal rules will, however, go far towards making your stay trouble free. 1. Speak only when spoken to. 2. Do as you are told. 3. Never touch the mince.

J. B. BOOTHROYD

# Seaside Golf



**H**OW straight it flew, how long it flew,  
It clear'd the rutty track  
And soaring, disappeared from view  
Beyond the bunker's back—  
A glorious, sailing, bounding drive  
That made me glad I was alive.

And down the fairway, far along  
It glowed a lonely white;  
I played an iron sure and strong  
And clipp'd it out of sight,  
And spite of grassy banks between  
I knew I'd find it on the green.

And so I did. It lay content  
Two paces from the pin,  
A steady putt and then it went  
Oh, most securely in.  
The very turf rejoiced to see  
This quite unprecedented three.

Ah! seaweed smells from sandy caves  
And thyme and mint in whiffs,  
In-coming tide, Atlantic waves  
Slapping the sunny cliffs,  
Lark-song and sea-sounds in the air  
And splendour, splendour everywhere.

High on the grassy cape I stood,  
Calmly addressed the ball,  
And with what power I swung the wood  
For the greatest drive of all  
And saw it topple off the tee  
And tumble down into the sea.

JOHN BETJEMAN

**W**E found them tucked away in a mountain valley near Novi Pazar last spring—the Yugoslavian Novi Pazar, not the Bulgarian. There is nothing quite so forlorn as a film unit on location when it is not working. The cameras looked like gaunt skeletons left over from an Ice Age. Technicians sat about dispiritedly on rocks. The famous Stancovic (for it was he, we realized with a thrill) was apparently the director of the film.

The porcine figure with the love-locks and the eyebrows jutting like flame-throwers—who could miss him? He was sitting on a stone and appeared to be in a state bordering on complete collapse; he was putting away enormous segments of black bread with a vague air. The two political commissars, easily distinguishable by their cloth caps and ugly top-boots, sat somewhat withdrawn from the main body, discussing something in low but feverish tones.

Normally (at the time of which I am writing) intercourse with dangerous "Western organs of intelligence and subversion" (the newspaper description of members of H.M. Foreign Service) was severely discouraged; but the remoteness of the situation—this green, high valley, with snow-dusted mountains all round, invested us with that immunity enjoyed by benighted travellers. The unit watched us languidly as we dismounted, but without hostility; and indeed after a few seconds of indecision and a glance towards the commissars, they decided to obey the dictates of their feelings and became clearly hospitable. The two commissars stared at us for a moment and then went on with their preoccupying discussion. We accepted some bread and pork-fat flavoured with pimento and the inevitable glass of fiery plum-brandy.

The male lead, Marko Markic, was the only tolerably self-possessed looking member of the unit; he walked about in a resilient fashion on the balls of his feet and shot glances of smouldering masculine challenge at the two bedraggled

actresses dressed up as Serbian matrons of the fourteenth century. He was a lucky man, for he was not only the ideal of Serbian womanhood, he was also his own favourite film-star, and he carried about with him a vague but delightful aura of self-congratulation. He was tall and

he said. "We wanted to photograph them coming out to the village well. We got them all dressed up and then, when they realized that we were going to photograph them, they locked themselves in."

"Why?" we asked, and Stancovic grinned again with pleasure.

"It seems," he said, "that in spite of their intensive Marxist training they still believe in the Evil Eye." Indicating the two commissars he said: "These two fellows are trying to rationalize the problem. They were both postmen before the war and the mental struggle must be something awful. You see, in spite of the intense AGITPROP courses, these backward

These he harangued in low tones. The old men seemed rather doubtful but at last they retired. The commissar stepped back like an artist stepping back from his easel to study an effect. It was indeed miraculous, for within a few moments came the noise of steel bolts being shot, and of creaky hinges opening. One by one the doors of the houses opened and the rationalized women stepped out into the light. So far from looking afraid they now seemed most eager to act for the cameras. Stancovic was transfigured. "At last they have taken my advice," he said with a great hiss of satisfaction.

"How was it done?" I asked. He winked and drained the glass in his hand. "One cannot be entirely happy about the method," he said gravely. "It is un-Marxist. As you can see, it has caused our poor commissar much heart-searching. But the simple fact is that he called the head men of the village together and told them: 'Tell your wives that it is the small cameras which give the Evil Eye. But this large, this very special camera is free from such ill-effects. Indeed quite the contrary. It confers fruitfulness on those who allow themselves to be photographed by it. Let those who are barren or whose children are barren make a trial and see what this big camera will do. They will become fruitful immediately.'"

"A stroke of genius."

Stancovic bowed modestly. "You see the response," he said. "It is just a little piece of rationalization."

Meanwhile the two commissars kept up a steady mumble, clutching their little satchels. The film unit commissar stared at the village commissar and thought deeply, tapping his teeth with his finger-nail. Finally he heaved a sigh and said doubtfully, "Well, if you are sure; but I don't want these reactionaries here" (he jerked his thumb at the film unit) "to report me for deviation."

"I am sure of it, comrade."

"Then let it be as you say."

The village commissar, with evident relief, climbed the slope to the hamlet and after some yelling produced two old men from a byre.

LAWRENCE DURRELL



"Rural Wessex Beauty captured by Hampshire Artists"—*Southern Daily Echo*  
Struggle at all?



peasants still have not mastered Marx and Lenin—to them it simply means being robbed and shoved about by men in cloth caps and jackboots." The brandy had loosened his tongue rather and we thought it wiser for his sake not to draw him out any further lest by chance he should be understood.

"Rationalizing" is the Marxist word for "labour-saving"—and indeed for any brainwork which assists Socialism. At the time of these incidents the word had reached the meridian of its popularity in the Press. A shoemaker who produced shoes more quickly than his neighbour, or an engine-driver who had managed to get more power for less fuel, were called "rationalizers" and were liable to receive grants and medals from the grateful State as a reward. Everyone talked portentously of "rationalizing" their problems.

"But how does one rationalize Turkish women?" I asked, and Stancovic grinned with pleasure. He pointed to the little hamlet which stood on the slope before us—half a dozen old-fashioned houses round a mud well. "A crowd scene,"

IT is a strong temptation to accept the offer of such a gem as East Anstey to Bishop's Nympton, put it in the tin with the others and say no more; but unfortunately a collection of railway tickets cannot be amassed that way. Postage stamps are another thing altogether: you can fill whole albums with Virgin Islands mints without knowing to a thousand miles where the Virgin Islands are; but railway tickets should be the record of one's own journeys, and moreover, journeys undertaken at one's own expense, which cuts out unfair competition from commercial travellers. And then again, the would-be donor not infrequently turns out to be a railway fanatic, than whom few bores can be more crashing. One is expected to know all about the wheel formation of

## On getting out at CHORLTON-CUM-HARDY

long-dead engines which once did service on the Cambrian. No, a collection of tickets does not imply a mania for trains as such. What gives the game its piquancy is the deceit inevitably involved: deceit which falls short of actual dishonesty.

Tickets, as we know, should properly be surrendered on demand to the servants of the Railway Executive. They can, however, be retained in any of the following ways:

(a) They can be bought and not used;

(b) They can be bought at an intermediate station along the journey and retained when the original ticket is handed in at the destination;

(c) They can be bought for a journey slightly farther than one proposes to undertake and retained on the pretext that one is travelling "through";

(d) They can be found on waiting room floors;

(e) They can be retained by stealth, sleight of hand, or diversionary tactics on confrontation with a servant of the Executive.

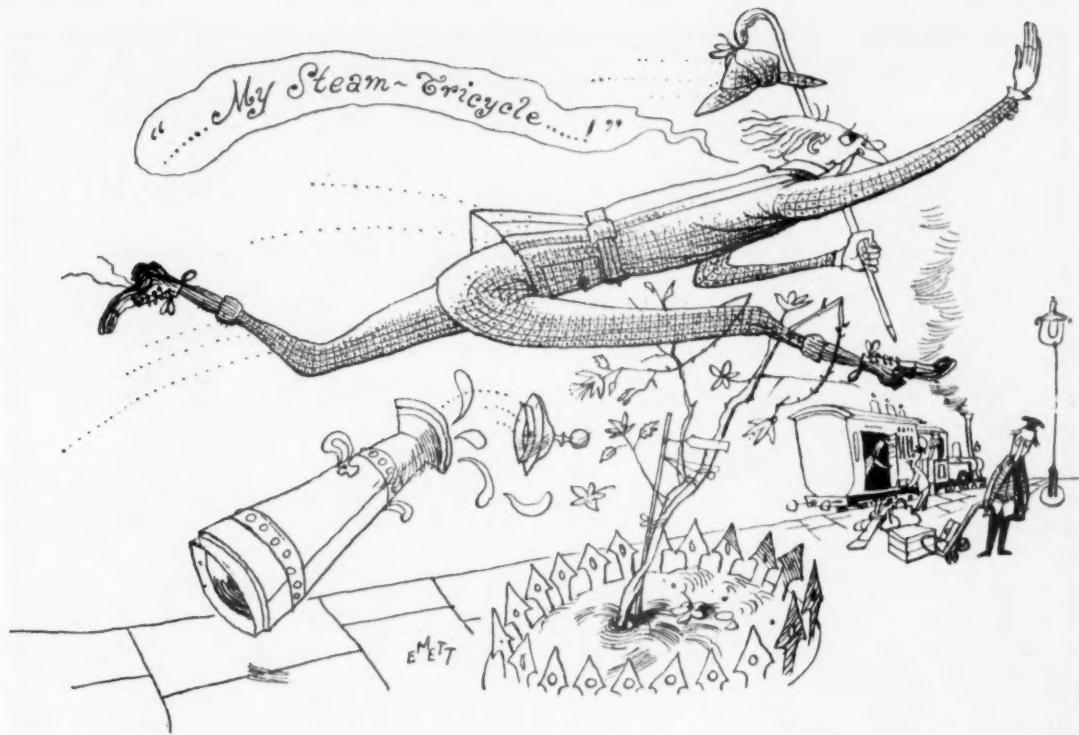
Let us examine these methods. (a), strictly speaking, is inadmissible and was abandoned by the present writer after he had bought a Third Class single from Worksop to Shireoaks in 1944 at a cost of 5d.—a venial extravagance, true, but a clear profit for what was then the L.N.E.R.

(b) is an equally timid method, with the same disadvantage: it entails a financial outlay for which the Executive performs no collateral service. The ticket-holder does, indeed, travel over the track for which he has paid a fare, but he has paid twice. (Are you following all this?)

(c) is a permissible, and in certain circumstances an unavoidable, method. I have at least a dozen tickets to Manchester (Central) which have been retained by the simple expedient of getting out of the train at Chorlton-cum-Hardy, showing the ticket, and saying "Through." (It should be said that Chorlton-cum-Hardy is the stop before Central, and that I have the misfortune to live there.) For reasonably long journeys the Manchester (Central) and Chorlton-cum-Hardy fares are the same, so that no unwonted profit accrues to the Executive. Some of the choicest items in the collection have been retained in this way, including two Manchesters (London Road) to Ledbury, 1946 and 1948, retained at Ashperton, and a Shrewsbury to Glandyfi, 1952, retained at Machynlleth.

(d) we can afford to disregard, and (e) remains as the only truly satisfactory method. One gets every pennyworth of journey, and then complicates the Executive's books by withholding the ticket. Sheffield to Warwick (Mil.); Chilcompton to Bath; Ludlow to





Leominster; Kendal to Manchester (Vic.); Cheltenham Spa (St. James) to Stow-on-the-Wold; Paris—but, of course—to St. Gervais pour Château-neuf-les-Bains via Clermont Ferrand; Runcorn to Widnes via Ditton Junction—a series of memorable tickets has been withheld in this way. On September 9, 1943, for example, I had to display an interest in platform notices for twenty-five minutes until the barrier man (he cannot be called a "ticket collector" in the true sense) had gone away. I was thus able to withhold an incomparable ticket from Parsley Hay to Ashbourne—and anybody who has never heard of Parsley Hay has no business to be reading this article. On the return journey the Parsley Hay station-master had to be engaged in conversation for fifteen minutes until he had become so engrossed in the history of his marshalling yard, as he chose to call it, that any talk of tickets would have been palpably indecent.

The diversionary tactics to be employed will vary with the traveller

and the station. At halts and way-side stations it is wise to feign consternation immediately on alighting, run towards or away from the guard's van (whichever is the farther), and shout: "The harmonium! The harmonium! Hold the train!" A long altercation will ensue, the staff will be thrown out of routine, and an early opportunity can be taken to slink away.

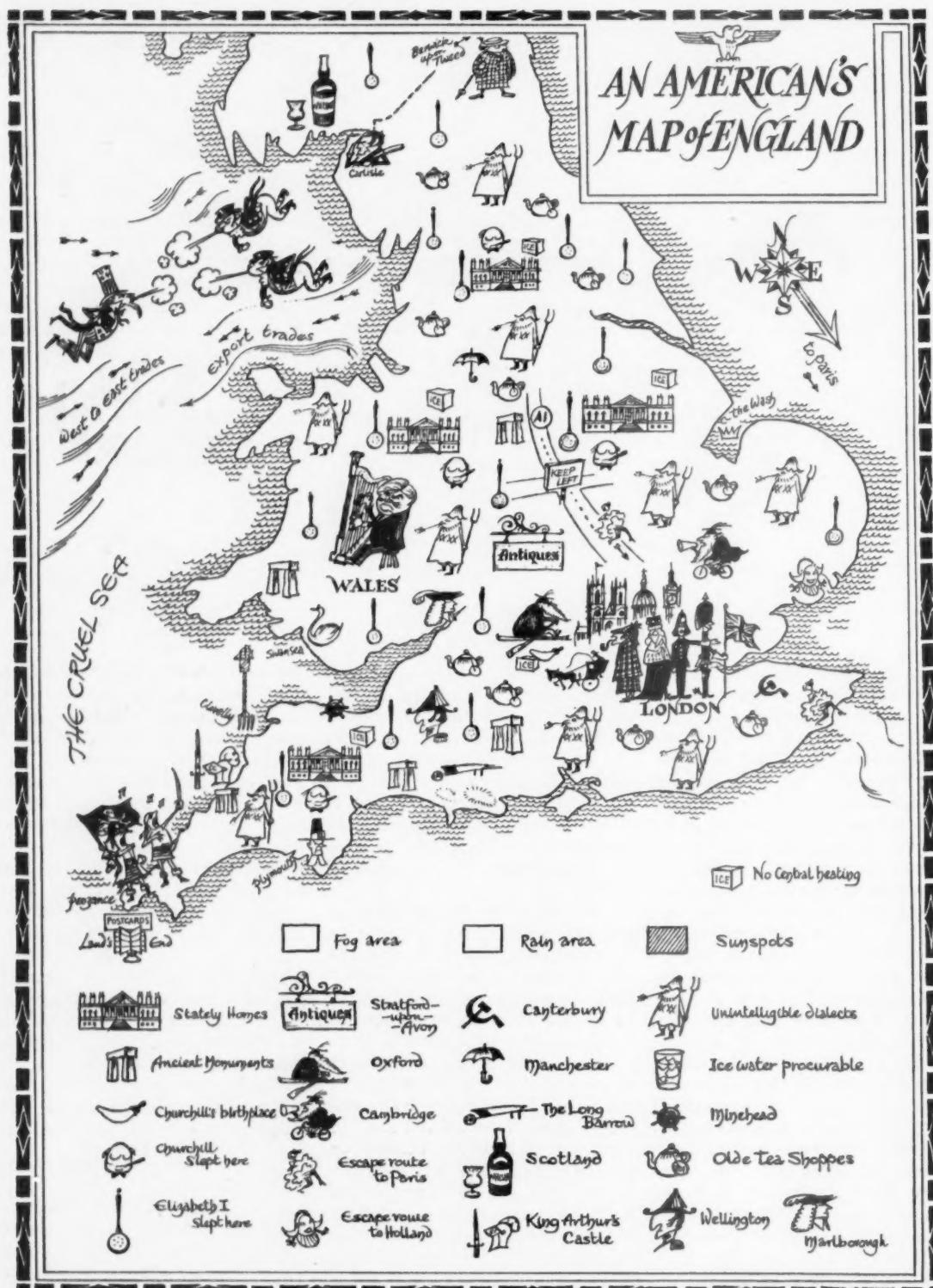
To return to the question of accepting gifts. I would not condemn this method out of hand in the early stages of a collection, and indeed my own tin contains a few such gifts. It is desultory stuff, most of it—Rotherham to Sheffield, Manchester to Warrington, that kind of thing—which was acceptable for a start but contains no collectors' pieces. Each collector will fancy a particular part of the country or railway region. Southern is a little too slick for me, but Eastern and North-eastern can both show a very presentable ticket. And so, it goes without saying, can the Western Region. But let us not forget, when we romanticize about the Great

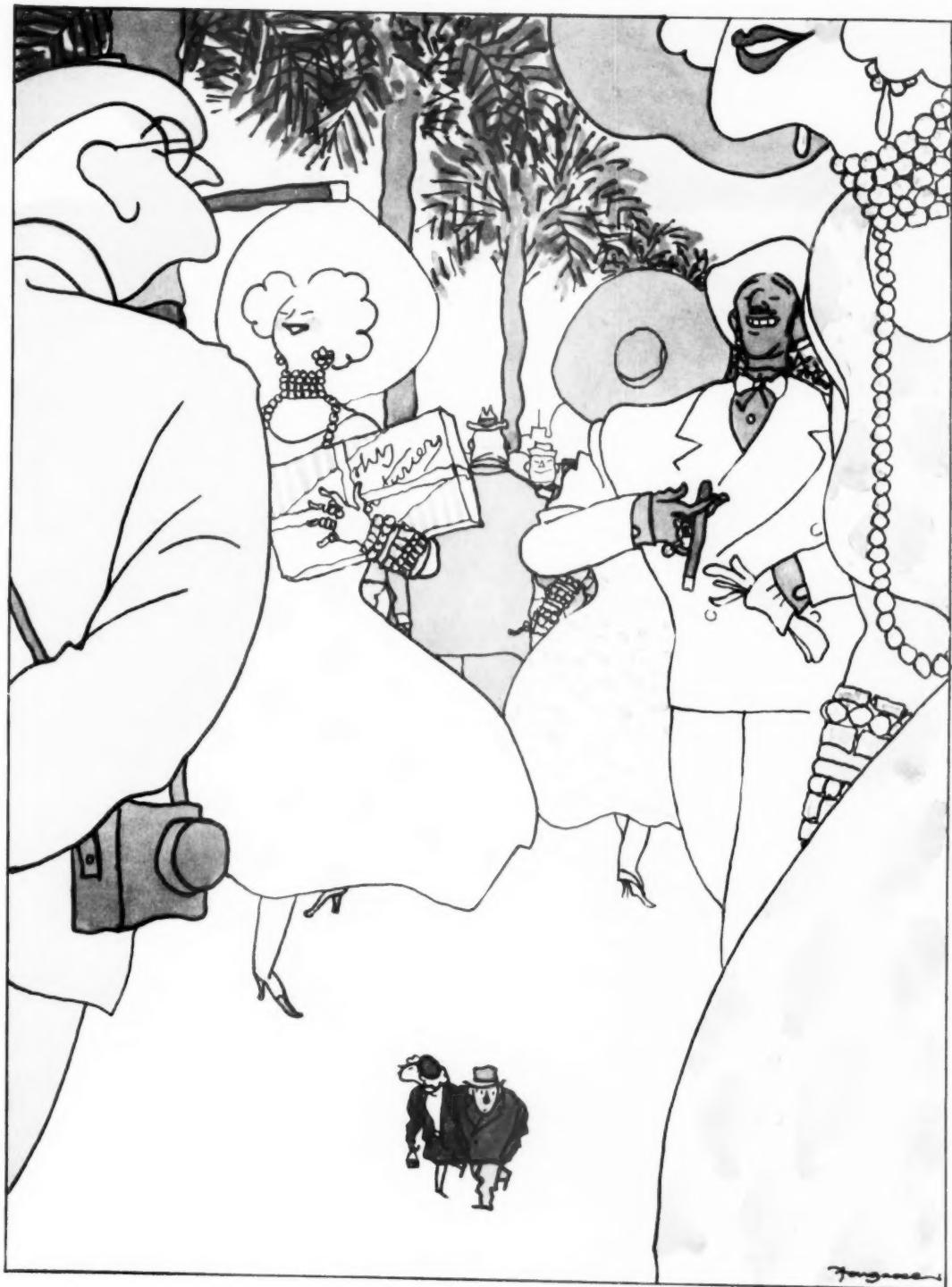
Western, that although it has its Morebath Junctions and its Up Exe Halts, it has also to answer for its Cardiffs and its Pontypool Roads.

Finally, a few tentative suggestions. Prefer rural to urban tickets, except where the urban ticket has such plaintive qualities as a workman's return half from Ashton (Central), Middleton, Oldham (Werneth) or Whitefield to Manchester (Vic.). Prefer, on aesthetic grounds, the oblong single ticket to the square and ragged-edged return half. Prefer tickets for journeys which are seldom made to the ten-a-penny London to Glasgows. Do not disdain the cheap day return. British Railways possess more than 6,000 passenger stations, and, as any football pools promoter knows, the permutation of any two stations from 6,000 is  $\frac{6,000 \times 5,999}{2} = 17,997,000$

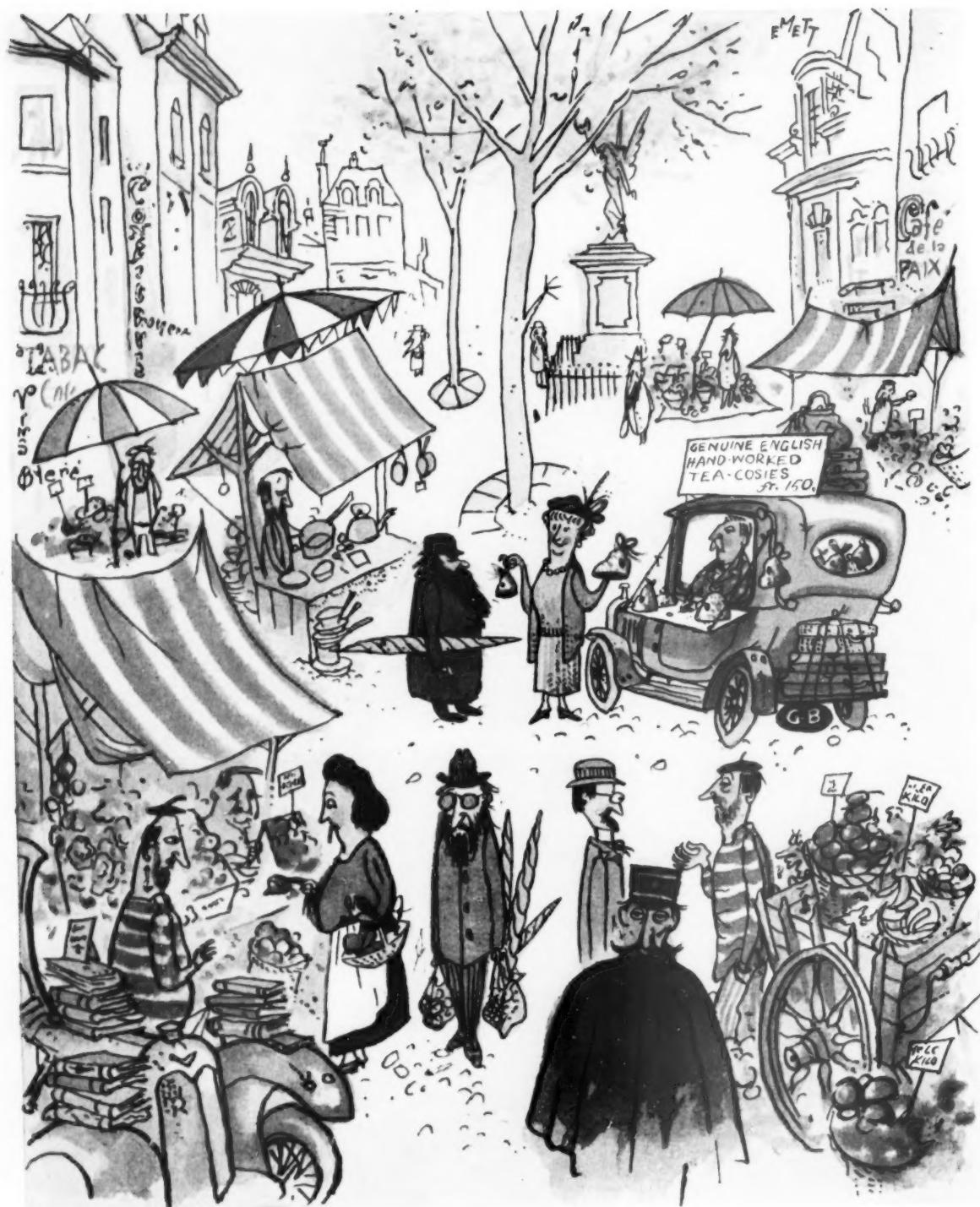
possible tickets. There is no need to stop there, of course. Having got all the First Class tickets, you can collect them all again, in Third.

G. D. TAYLOR





*Promenade des Anglais*



*"Genuine English tourists, monsieur, working our passage to the Côte d'Or."*

## STONE WALLS DO NOT

(Vaguely distilled from even vaguer memories of many Escape Yarns)

### MEET THE GANG

**T**HREE were five of us in the cell and you could not have found a better crowd, even at the Moor. First there was Billy the Hawk, who had been escaping ever since he was one of the Walworth Road Boys. He was a mine of info; his father, a ship-scuttler, had once escaped from a balloon and Billy claimed some dim relationship with Houdini, whom he despised.

"He never had no distance to go," he would say disparagingly.

The baby of the bunch was Tim, a curly-headed, chirpy little sparrow of a barrow-boy, who was being given the opportunity of repenting at the taxpayers' expense for using the marrows on the customers. He was full of carefully worked out schemes. One was for joining up several mailbags and sewing a vast side-pocket in which he would lie doggo until posted. Unluckily, the day's work was always examined and the screws would never have overlooked a decrease in the number of bags combined with an increase in size, nor, in my estimation, would they have ignored a bulge.

Rafferty was a gigantic Negro who was very useful to have about the place as he could bend bars with his teeth. He spent most of his time reading Izaak Walton.

Our leader was Peter Van Mervyn. Eton and other schools had left their mark on him, and he was always unruffled, witty, stout-hearted and a very present help in troublous moments. At his last trial he had held his own for day after day under cross-examination and some of his ripostes had won him headlines in the *News of the World*, especially "A chartered accountant is a man who knows the price of everything and the value of nothing."

I am Waldo Hughes. Seen sideways I am chunky. Seen from the front I am aggressively good-humoured and a thought tousled. From the rear I have an ex-equestrian look. I see no reason why I should not award myself a gong or two, and

herewith claim that I can open any safe ever made, given my due ration of H.E.

### STAFF WORK

Peter's first plan was a pippin. The more the convictions, the lad argued, the greater the pressure on prison space and the keener the Commissioners would be to get rid of the prisoners they already had. Doubling the rate of convictions would halve the sentences actually served. Instead, then, of getting those inside out, Peter concentrated on getting those outside in. His monthly letter had to pass the Prison censorship and yet outline in attractive terms a felonious scheme that contained a flaw unnoticed by the operator but leading to prompt detection by the police. No amount of drafting produced a suitable letter and Peter had to abandon what was, in essentials, a plan of classic simplicity.

Whatever our method of escape, we should have to make for safety through hostile areas, and storing the gear we should need was really our first problem. The cell had been designed for a single occupant and there was not an inch of space with the whole gang in occupation. With

a guffaw I remarked that if we could not keep the stuff inside we should have to keep it outside. This profound remark was greeted with musical honours; but good old Peter's shrewd intelligence saw in it the germ of a master plan.

The heavily barred window of the cell looked on to the back of the chapel and various sheds and out-houses. It was a li'le-used area of the prison, and if we kept our gear outside the window there was some hope that it would not be noticed, a hope that would be much increased if we could disguise it as ivy. None of us could remember what ivy looked like. Tim was continually distracted by memories of an Ivy from Penge, until Billy the Hawk, whose courting days were over, had to threaten to do him. Rafferty said it had red berries. I thought it grew as a parasite on oak trees. Peter quoted *Lycidas* "with ivy never-sear" and said that as this meant it was an evergreen we should not have to worry about changing the colour with the seasons.

### A BIT OF A SPANNER IN THE WORKS

So far all of us, when not sewing mailbags in the cell, had been at



work in the cobbler's shop. This was not much practical use to us, apart from the access to cobbler's wax that would come in useful if we ever got near the keys. There was no garden, except for the Governor's little bit of lawn and that was reserved for a couple of very elderly and respected convicts. Peter thought he could talk the Governor into starting some gardens for us in which we could grow long woody bits and leaves that seen from below would pass muster. I did, in fact, try witticism about passing the mustard, but Rafferty, whose literary taste was formed on the seventeenth century, had no liking for comic relief and

wrung me until I apologized. Unfortunately the Governor hated any criticism of his prison and he took Peter's remarks about the absence of gardens as derogatory. He briskly organized quarrying and soon every morning the five of us and a few other hardened characters whom the Governor classed as contumacious were hewing down through the asphalt that lay far below our window.

BILLY THE HAWK SHOWS THE EAGLE  
EYE

For a time the wreck of our plans stunned us. The work was savagely hard and, somehow, uncreative.

Quarrying in a town is very different from swinging a pick in the fresh moorland air. We were always having to stop for cables and pipes and wires, and the vibration of trains from the Tube below was very tiring. Rafferty, usually a mild man who had the gentleness that always in this kind of book goes with great strength, said he would like to gaff the Governor, and Tim's suggestions for dealing with him gave even my unimaginative equanimity pause. It was old Billy the Hawk who cheered us by pointing out that on the crest of one of the heaps of debris left by our quarrying vegetation had appeared. Soon we had found Narrow-leaved Pepperwort, Procumbent Pearlwort, Codlins-and-cream, Many-seeded Goosefoot and Flattened Meadow Grass.

Now each night as we came back from work we would smuggle some plants under our prison dress. Most of our trove was useless, too thin in the stem, too brightly coloured, too obviously not ivy; but gradually we collected some tendrils that could be twisted into stout ropes, some leaves that could be bitten into shape. The plants that were unusable we threw back on to the heaps far below.

INGENUITY WANTED

How to stick the ivy on was a difficulty. It was not merely a matter of attaching the tendrils; for that we could have used improvised gum. The ivy had to form a leafy platform, firmly enough attached to the stonework to take the weight of iron rations, compasses, alpenstocks, maps, forged passes, field-glasses, medical supplies, diesel fuel, wigs and grapnels. Cords looped round the bars would be noticed in any close inspection of the cell and might allow the platform to flap in a high wind. Peter had the idea quite suddenly the way that all the great ideas have come—giant suction-pads.

Peter said, and I was bound to agree with him, that there was no real hope of growing rubber surreptitiously in the precincts nor of successfully carrying out the subsequent processing. Rafferty reminded us that there was a Texan plant that produced some kind of near-rubber, and Tim remarked that the



"The only thing is, it does get a bit chilly at night."

manufacture of artificial rubber took a high place in the economy of substitutes. Unhappily none of us had the recipe. Peter applied to the library for a book on the subject and after a long wait was issued with *The End of the Rubber*, by An Old Hand at Whist. The chaplain said with some pride that it had been obtained specially from the Public Library at Stockton-on-Tees. The link between the Prison Library and the wider library world was a source of febrile pride to him and he often used it as an analogy in sermons.

Billy the Hawk had been very silent for some days when he came out of his trance to point out that, though we could not hope to produce suction-pads beginning from the raw latex, we could let the preliminaries be done by others and merely rearrange their work. Becoming less theoretical he said that tyres were rubber and it would be simply a matter of altering their shape.

#### A RUSH JOB

Discussion and planning had taken up a good deal of time and Tim was becoming worried about whether a sudden remission of sentence might not take him away from us before we were ready; he took the oath we had sworn to stick together come thick, come thin, very seriously. The prospect of action bucked us all up, for we had been very bored by the routine of prison life, even Peter, though he had managed to do a little forging, including some very life-like tram-tickets which we should need urgently on the first leg of our getaway.

Our chance came when we got so far into the quarry that the guards preferred not to watch us from close to but stayed on top, peering down into the damp clay and ordering us back when we were beyond the line of the outer wall. On the day, Rafferty worked next to Tim at the end of the line. His enormous strength easily allowed him to do Tim's work as well as his own and his huge bulk completely hid Tim from the guards. Leaning across, with a few powerful strokes of his shovel he made a cutting sloping diagonally upwards through which Tim's slim lithe body could wriggle, and in a



moment he was cautiously raising a manhole cover. It was a small, unimportant street and there were no passers-by to see him slip the tyres off a couple of unattended cars and roll them back down to us.

Once we had the booty we put them under our prison uniforms; we were never searched except for sharp instruments. When we got back we had to sit in the cell, wild with impatience for Lights Out. Then we got to work. Sewing tyres split lengthwise to make suction-pads with only converted nail-files as needles and only old hat-guards as thread is difficult enough. When it has to be done by feel under the bedclothes for fear of the prying eye

of a passing warder it is, as I bluffly remarked towards four that morning, no picnic.

#### NEW PROBLEMS

It was a great moment when Rafferty pushed aside the bars and fixed the contraption against the wall. Larger than we had at first intended, it was both roomy and elegant. The next stage was to get hold of, or more usually make, the gear. We began on prismatic compasses, and for these Peter worked out a plan that required the faking of vaccination marks on Billy the Hawk. For this we needed a cork, some hairpins and . . .

R. G. G. PRICE



*"... et maintenant je crois qu'on est prêt à les recevoir!"*

## KIND HEARTS AND CURRENCY: a Holiday Task for Travellers

**W**RITE your full name, address and serial numbers in triplicate (at least) in the space provided. Then read carefully through the following directions:

(a) All questions must be attempted.

(b) Illustrate your answers, wherever possible, with sketch-maps, plans, and those little black robots that you see in economic surveys.

(c) If none write "none," and do not disturb the invigilator.

(d) The use of slide-rules, accounting machines and ghost-writers is not permitted.

(e) Doodle only on the blotter provided, and remember that our last two Prime Ministers have been expert doodlers.

### QUESTION 1

Place the following currency units in descending order of hardness and underline those worth more than the pound sterling: lek, schilling, piastre, cruzeiro, rupee, dollar, drachma, markka, quetzal, rupiah, lira, yen, lev, krone, boliviano, rial, balboa, guarani, zloty, escudo, rouble, baht, franc, riyal, colon, leu, cordoba, guilder, sol, gourde, sucre.

The Russians have hard roubles, soft roubles and sturgeon rouble, which is made into caviar: how many hard roubles equal one dollar?

### QUESTION 2

A man sets out from Dover with his Basic Travel Allowance and a sum not exceeding £5 in sterling. Three months later he returns from the Continent with a new wrist-watch, eight pairs of nylons, a Cézanne, two bottles of Bols, a Swiss car and a healthy tan. How is it done? (Answers to this question will be regarded as highly confidential and extraordinarily useful.)

### QUESTION 3

Distinguish between "hard cash" and "hard currency," between "shortfall" and "shortage," between "deflation" and "disinflation," between "cash-in-hand" and "cosh-in-hand" and between "expenses" and expenses.

### QUESTION 4

If nine men working seven hours a day engineer an unofficial strike in ten days, how long will it take the *Daily Worker* to couple its congratulations with an appeal for contributions from its readers to its Fighting Fund?

### QUESTION 5

Foreigners cannot understand why we British—renowned throughout the world for our intense love of animals—do not allow pets a Basic Travel Allowance. By pooling her own allowances, basic and business, with those of her doggies (ten at, say, £15 per head per annum) it would be possible for an inveterate traveller to stay at the Ritz-Carlton instead of at that crummy little pension on the Rue de la Bouteille. Can you advance any sound reasons why Mr. Butler should continue to discriminate against our little friends of the animal world?

### QUESTION 6

Four of these international organizations have their headquarters in Paris, five in Geneva, three in Washington, and none in London—ECE, EEC, EPU, ERP, GATT, IBRD, ILO, IMF, MSA, IRO, NATO, OEEC, SHAPE, UNESCO, WHO. Do you consider that this implies some criticism of British hotels, food, coffee, railways or Sundays?

### QUESTION 7

Comment on the statement—"Fourteen Days in Lovely Lucerne for only £24 19s. 6d."

### QUESTION 8

What is the exact meaning of the words "I promise to pay the Bearer on Demand the sum of One Pound" which are printed on pound notes and signed by the Chief Cashier of the Bank of England? (Note: silver coins are now made of cupro-nickel and "coppers" of something other than copper.)

### QUESTION 9

Estimate the disincentive effect on the average Briton of (a) P.A.Y.E.,

(b) Anglo-American Productivity Committee reports, (c) the licensing laws, (d) income tax payable on family allowances, (e) nutty slack, (f) E.P.T., (g) the end of the football pools season. Do you think that the Government would be justified in requesting the F.A. to prolong its playing season into the summer holidays?

### QUESTION 10

Draw a sketch-map of Fort Knox and show (a) the approximate depth of the vaults, (b) the precise position of gold bullion, guards, burglar-alarms, trip-wires, etc., and (c) the shortest route between Fort Knox and the Mexican border.

That is all. Solutions on post-cards, please; and remember that the Editor's decision is tantamount.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD





## To Rest, To Rest, Ye Weary Members

*ZUR Ruh, zur Ruh, ihr müden Glieder,*" sang the German poet, "to rest, ye weary members"—and no sooner has the House risen than off they all go, the hon. and weary Members, to get what rest they can before they reassemble in the autumn and take up again their self-inflicted burden of governing the country.

It is commonly believed by those who elect them that Members of Parliament, like fish, can go indefinitely without sleep (just as it is commonly believed by those who do not have much contact with them that fish, like Members of Parliament, can go indefinitely without love). In the case of Members, there is a grain of truth in the belief; so often are they compelled by business of State to spend entire nights without sleep—and Mrs. Braddock and Dr. Summerskill will bear this out—that after a time they lose the need for it. It is therefore not always rest in the literal sense that Members seek during the recess, but sometimes change, which is proverbially as good. And, of course, the recess provides their only chance to catch up on their hobbies or their business correspondence, and to search their consciences about the value of their contributions towards the welfare of the electors.

You can see Sir Waldron Smithers at the top left of this page reacting after a painful probe of his conscience. He is writing a letter to Mr. Morgan Phillips. The Conservative Party, he has decided, is becoming deplorably radical; there is only one truly unyielding, reactionary and truly conservative party in British politics,



and that is the Socialists. Will he cross the floor next session? Who can tell?

Opposite Sir Waldron is Mr. Sydney Silverman. Mr. Silverman is pasting up his cuttings-book. Every time he rises to a point of order, Mr. Silverman likes to make a record of it in his personal album. The point of order he is here seen at work on is his three hundred thousandth. If it were not for his record, he could not tell you the subject at issue; but there, in those twenty-two heavy volumes, is an account of every time he has jumped to his feet, and he hopes to fill another twenty before he ends his parliamentary career.

Mr. Buchan-Hepburn's sour look is not caused by any anxiety regarding the future of Sir Waldron Smithers, but by the fact that his attempt to "get away from it all" has resulted only in a forceful reminder of his duties in the House.

"You cannot make a man by standing a sheep on its hind legs," said the great Max. "But by standing a flock of sheep in that position you can make a crowd of men." Every sheep Mr. Buchan-Hepburn sees as he rambles through the country looks at him with the eyes of a Tory backbencher; and the walking stick beneath his arm turns to a whip.





Among the cherished roses in his country garden, the Leader of the Opposition is busy with weed-killer. Loathsome weeds are springing up in his best-beloved beds. In his well-tended plot at Westminster they are not so conspicuous among the orderly rows of blooms; but in other places they show alarming signs of becoming stronger than the roses themselves.

One particularly flourishing weed, *Urtica Bevanii*, or Welsh nettle, is

liable to spread all over the place at this season. Mr. "Nye" Bevan—to drop the vegetable analogy—has decided here to exchange the upholstered comfort of a House of Commons bench for the austere glory of a pulpit. What message is borne forth on the *hwyl* of this turbulent lay preacher? It should not be hard to make an intelligent guess at his text—"Whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the Left also." Or if he cannot connive at such a corrupt quotation, perhaps he has chosen "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth."

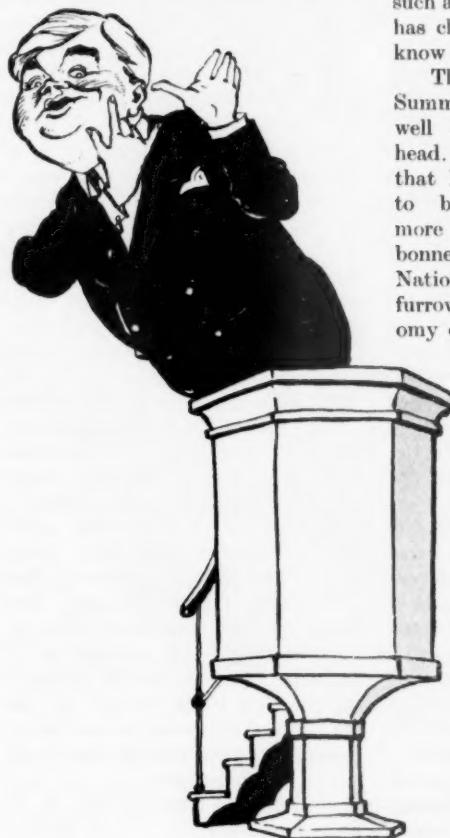
The ailment for which Dr. Summerskill is examining Mr. Shinwell is a painful buzzing in the head. It is good to be able to report that Mr. Shinwell does not appear to be suffering from anything more dangerous than a bee in the bonnet. The bee comes from the National Service hive. Dr. Edith's furrowed brow arises from a dichotomy of purpose; she is anxious to free Mr. Shinwell from his bee, but on the other hand it is a bee that she is rather fond of herself, for in the Services they teach the recruits *boxing*. Perhaps some of the more skilled apiarists in the Commons might be called in and the bee brought under control; for it is too good an insect to lose, always sure to provide honey at election-time and guaranteed to sting Mr. Antony Head if it gets a chance.

And here is moderate Mr. Morrison, his perky frame unable quite to fill the frock-coat of political propriety, his quiff determinedly



escaping from the topper of bourgeois rectitude. Once Mr. Morrison would have chosen a more riotous holiday; but maturity chastens the spirit. May he at all events—may they all—enjoy their chosen forms of escapism and reassemble in due course fit for another swingeing session.

B. A. YOUNG



## YOUTH WILL BE SERVED

SYDNEY

**A**T the present moment the Electricity Commission of New South Wales is gloomily recording the additional strain that is thrown on its already inadequate resources when Australian devotees sit up all night before electric fires—for it is now, of course, winter—listening in to the news of the Test Matches in England. For the challenge of the Tests still has some of the old magic here, even though the game of cricket has temporarily lost its hold over the Australian public since Sir Donald Bradman left the field for the last time. Temporarily—or permanently? For the truth is that cricket is not quite the ruling passion in Australia which historians say it once was and which most Englishmen still believe it to be.

In Melbourne and Adelaide, perhaps, it is still the great summer game—if racing is left out—but in Sydney cricket now wears a slightly old-fashioned appearance, like a man at a funeral in top hat and tail coat. It has its fanatical followers, both young and old, but there is a considerable proportion of the male population to whom the whole game of cricket means very much less than the winner of the 3.30 at Randwick, the picking of the next Davis Cup team, or even the result of the 16-footer yacht league in the harbour on Sundays.

There are several explanations for this decline in popularity. Cynics argue that it is simply because cricket offers such infrequent and

inferior opportunities for gambling. (It is difficult to bet on a game which may not have any result at all.) Others point to the many counter-attractions open to the working-man of Sydney which do not exist in less favoured cities. Others again say that the game itself is at fault and that the public is simply bored with watching the same old players—no names, no pack-drill—making the same old strokes. They are certain that the Hill will be crowded again when new heroes make their way to the wicket. The fact remains that the Sydney Cricket Ground was not full last summer even for the Test Match against South Africa, and was half empty for many important matches.

The series against South Africa was very revealing of the Australian attitude to sport in general and cricket in particular. It is quite wrong to think that they are bad losers. No nation could be more generous to their opponents, though Australian sports writers are inclined to be a little contemptuous beforehand. Australians admire success whether in their own side or in their opponents, and the South African victory was genuinely popular.

It happened too that almost everyone had some special reason for gratification. In New South Wales the Australian defeat was widely considered to be a judgment on the Cricket Board of Control and the selectors who had omitted Barnes, their special favourite, from the team and had neglected many promising New South Wales players. (In fairness it should be added that after the series was over the selectors made amends by choosing no fewer than seven New South Wales players for the English tour.) In Queensland it was welcomed as an act of retribution for the presumptuous omission of Tallon, who is a Queensland player. In the Test Match at Brisbane the crowd showed its feelings first by booing the unfortunate wicket-keeper who had been picked instead of Tallon and then by hissing a selector unwise enough to show

his face on the ground. Here again, one may say, the selectors thought better of it after the series was over, and Tallon is now in England. Victoria had nothing to complain of in this matter, but many Victorians shared the general view that some of their cricketers had had it their own way too long.

For this is another Australian characteristic. They love to see the mighty humbled and the great put firmly in their place. They have none of the Englishman's innate and exaggerated respect for the elder statesman, the ancient mariner and the established authority. Once you achieve fame in English politics, sport or letters you are safe for life—though not for very long afterwards. In Australia that is the time to look out. The sound of heroes crashing from their pedestals is sweet music in their ears and they are quickly bored with greatness.

It is a more attractive side to this that there is no country in the world where youth is more praised and encouraged. Boys of fifteen and sixteen who show any talent—we are talking, of course, of sport—are fairly shot into prominence, while their elders are hustled rudely out of their way to make room for them. The choice of Craig, at the age of 17, is now the most famous example of this policy, but there are many others. In the fortnight before Craig hauled into Olympus another tall lanky boy of the same age called John Henricks had won two Australian swimming championships and equalled the world record for the 220 yards free-style. Two elderly gentlemen of 18 called Hoad and Rosewall had won the Australian hard-court and grass-court tennis championships and were confidently preparing to challenge the world this year in the Davis Cup. Some people were so carried away by their enthusiasm for youth—and New South Wales—that they even demanded that a still younger lad of 16, called Simpson, should be chosen for the Test team, though he had then played only once for the State! Presumably they thought that Craig might be overcome by age and rheumatism in the rigours of an English summer.

P. J.





*"Fancy having the cheek to charge us corkage on our own umbrella!"*



## WELCOME TO BRITAIN!

"SEE me this morning," said Jack, kneading the Mixture of Butter and Best Quality Margarine. "I reckoned it must be the Swiss Navy. These four blokes come in, sorta yachtin' caps on. I said, 'Ullo,' I said. 'Getcha sunnink?'"

"One o' these delegations, I 'spect," said the mobile fish canteen man, testing the bouquet of the vinegar. "You know, go round like royalty, inspect all the blast furnaces an' biscuit factories. Or the old Jap geezers: *Ullo, yes-please-thanks-velly-much*, and soon as they're back 'ome, over come the old shirts—arf a dollar."

"No, well, one of these blokes," said Jack, "'e comes up, 'e says: 'Karfy? Karfy?' Like the old Arabs, I thought."

"If they was Arabs," said the garage man, in to collect the daily pot of sweetened, "woon they 'ave galibayahs on like when we was in Egypt? Then they'd be '*Salaam effendi*' when they come in, like when they used ta come round the old tents floggin' books and them nice yellow 'andbags with the Pyramids on 'em."

"Ah," said Jack, alert to correct a wrong impression. "Well. They told me they was Norway, little while later. I said 'Oh yer?' Lookin' all round the auction, they was. Think they'd never seen a place like it before. Any old way, it dawns on me. 'Oh,' I says, '*corfee?*' I says. That was it. Only they didn't seem ta much care for it."

"Make it a different way, I expect," said the garage man, tearing a rubbery corner from his sandwich. "See the old Arabs sometimes stoppin' for a brew-up. They 'ave it very strong—boil away, boil away. Then you stir occasionally."

"What, like in yer sleep?" said the mobile fish canteen man, derisively.

"No, Stan," said the garage man, "no. You gotcher coffee. Right? Right. Well—"

"'Ere," said Jack suddenly, "now you tell me this. 'Owsit when, say, me and Bert Diggins is in India, we get the old lingo off in no time—

why, I 'member it even now: *Gillo, gillo! Thairo a thora, tosh!*—and these blokes come over 'ere and you can 'ardly make 'ead or tail!"

"Down the old bazaars, eh?" reminisced the garage man. "You never got nothink really cheap like down, say, Strutton Ground or Maidstone market. 'Ere y'are! *They're-two-bob-men's-all-woollen-socks*. Rookin' lotta—"

"Welcome to Britain," interrupted Jack, waving his wooden spoon, "that's what they say. Lor crikey, I done my bit. 'Siddown,' I says. 'Make yerself atome. Cutcherself a piece-a cake.' All very nice an' friendly. Smilin'. Lovely lotta cameras too, only they didn't take no photos of me."

"Supposed to make the place brighter," said the garage man. "Well, look at us. We 'ung out a lotta flags—Smasho petrol, no more knock. What 'appens? They wanna know if we do dinners like they get in the States, clip on a tray, side of the car. All right, only I *mean*."

"Werl," said Jack, heaving a great pile of coloured cardboard from under the counter, "look at dis stuff they send me—Phruty-Cola, Ice Lollies adverts (nice bitta stuff there), throat pastilles. I sometimes wonder if I couldn't make a bitta cash on them for selvedge, steada givin' 'em old Tug every coupla weeks."

"I'd-a thought it was just your drop," said the mobile fish man, "'avin' the place nice. Take that Ice Lolly advert."

"This establishment," said Jack, abandoning the butter mixture, "as a reputation. All meals served prompt. Says so outside. Say we was all to be gazin' at these bitsa stuff on the adverts?"

"You want to attract overseas customers?" said the fish man—"Well, there you are."

"What brasses me orf," said the old man near the window, "few years ago we was all for keepin' these geezers out. 'Member old Winston? *We shall fight on the wassname, we shall fight on the sunninkelse*. Now they reckon we can't do without 'em. Coor. Still."

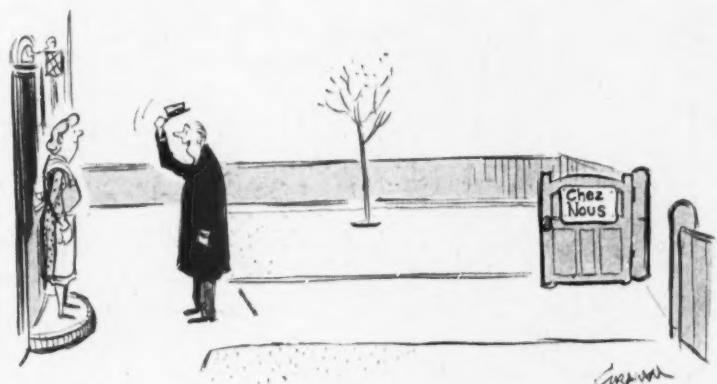
ALAN HACKNEY

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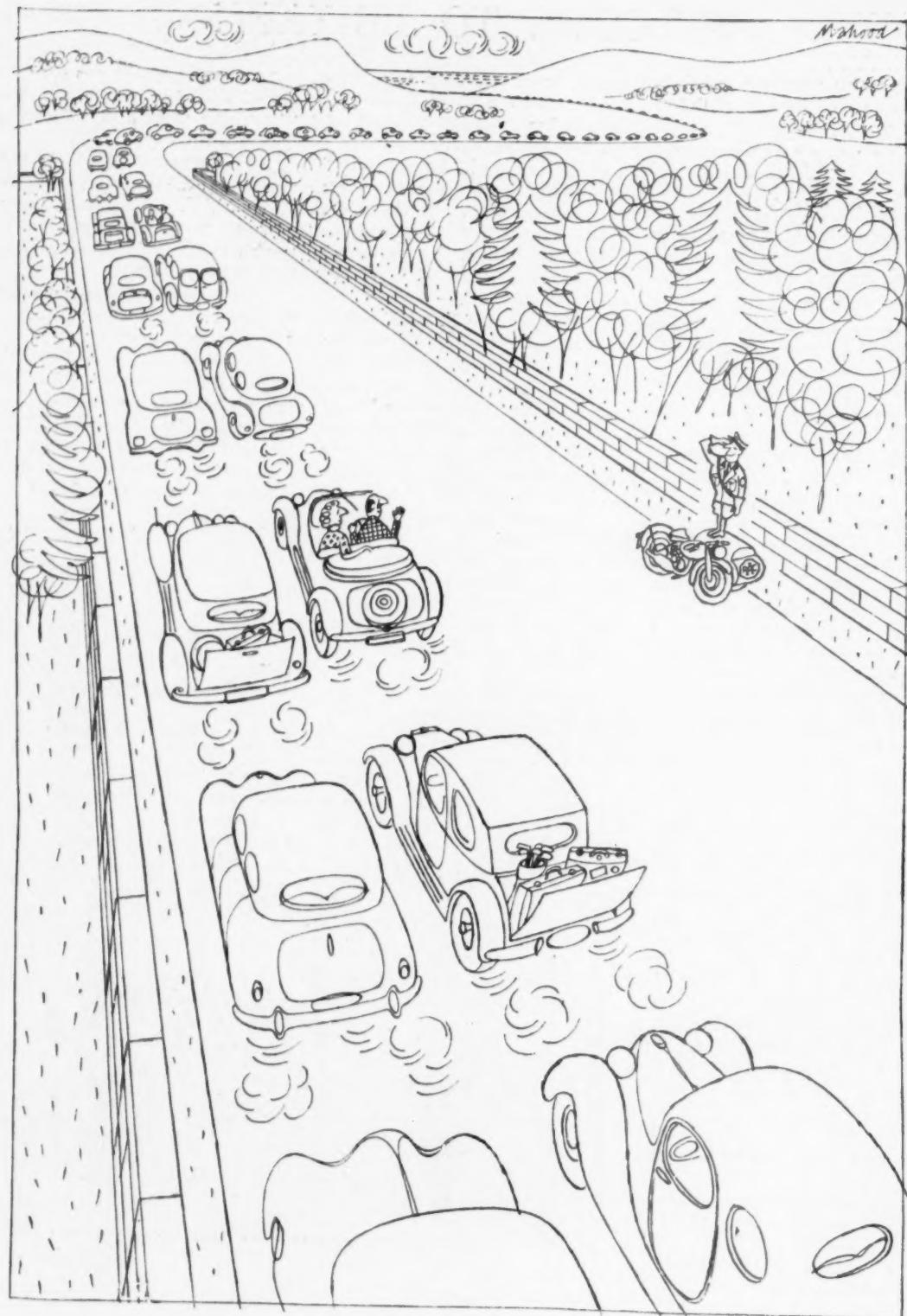
### ON A CERTAIN POET

FAILURE befell him in a gentle way;  
A bailiff served him with a Writ  
one day.  
You know the flourish of a High  
Court Writ,  
The royal Greeting and the rest of it?  
The poet read the start and,  
thinking this  
The Laureateship at last, dropped  
dead of bliss.

ARTHUR CADDICK



"'Morning, Mrs. Nous—Chez in?'"



## BLODWEN AND BERTHA

WITH the Hope Street Moodies' unscrupulous fingers closing around the two old ladies' hoard of Moodie Wealth and Great-aunt Maud Bang's Machiavellian project for a Grue and Moodie Memorial Home for Unwanted Cats as near realization as it was ever likely to be, my Great-aunt Susan pulled herself together with a jerk. We had been neglecting our duties at "Klondike," she said; weekend visits would be resumed with effect from the following Saturday.

Great-great-aunt Blodwen and Miss Bertha Grue, who now lived in the gaunt and ugly house which had once been the home of Great-great-uncles Obadiah and Horatio, existed in a mysterious bond of mutual antipathy, which sprung from a belief that by living together they annoyed the rest of the family even more than they irritated each other. Their combined ages must have been in the region of one hundred and sixty, and they made it brutally plain that they found each other almost intolerably vexing. A peculiar quality was imparted to their relationship by their habit of addressing each other only in the third person; and Saturday dinner at "Klondike"—a trying meal in the comparatively calm old days when we were paying our devotions to the uncles—now became a quite appalling experience.

The two of them sat with their backs to the fire, looking like a pair of ancient and disreputable birds of prey, Miss Grue nearer the window and Blodwen on her right, and the rest of us ranged round the table in battle positions previously worked out by Great-aunt Susan. A ghastly and oppressive silence attended the beginning of the meal, the two old ladies darting glances at us and smiling secretively as they savoured the general awkwardness, each sharpening within herself her neolithic scalpel.

At the end of perhaps four minutes Miss Grue would speak. "She makes such a noise with her eating," she would say. "Listen to her!" And we would listen, our faces frozen in an impossible effort to

acknowledge the one without offending the other.

Some minutes later the noise would stop. "She watches your plate!" Blodwen would say in a rising tone of excitement, her thin voice cracking with emotion. "She grudges you every morsel of food you eat—if you can call it food, the nasty messes she cooks up for you!" And she would laugh like a pair of castanets, and Great-aunt Susan would make neutral clucking noises like a hen on a hot day, and Auntie George might have the presence of mind to be overcome by a fit of coughing. Great-aunt Susan would then launch herself resolutely upon some such topic as the decay of medical science since Dr. Frisby sold his practice and went to live in Colwyn Bay, and the two old ladies would listen in silence, smiling again and casting sidelong glances at each other. But as Great-aunt Susan's discourse drew to a close, they could be seen to lean forward a little, and as the silence once more closed in upon us Miss Grue would say "Just listen to her—clack, clack, clack! She ought to get them seen to, so she did!" and Great-great-aunt Blodwen would grin ferociously and say "Leave what you don't want of the pudding, dears—she'll finish it all up when she goes out into the kitchen!"

In such an atmosphere Great-aunt Susan found it quite impossible to concentrate adequately upon the twin purposes our visits were intended to achieve: the exorcising of Great-aunt Maud Bang's baleful influence and the undermining of the projected Cats' Home. Steps had therefore to be taken to prevent or impede these unseemly displays. Auntie George was required to get by heart whole paragraphs of lively parish gossip, which were to be introduced as soon as Miss Grue or Blodwen showed signs of saying anything,

and Great-aunt Susan herself prepared a series of monologues of an attritional nature; but the only time these tactics were tried the result was a confused uproar, during which a plateful of stew transferred itself into Great-aunt Susan's lap. Then my small cousin Herbert was rehearsed in a Dickensian scene in which he was to burst into tears and say that he didn't like to hear his great-great-aunt and Miss Grue being horrid to each other; but when it came to the point he listened open-mouthed as usual as the two old ladies heaped monstrous insults upon each other, and did not weep until much later, when Great-aunt Susan gave him one of her looks; and when Miss Grue tried to comfort him by saying that Great-great-aunt Blodwen couldn't turn him into a frog if he kept his fingers crossed, this led to a painful exchange of remarks about ladies who kept bottles of liquor in cupboards in their bedrooms.

It was all very discouraging, and Great-aunt Susan brooded a good deal. "But for the ties of natural affection . . ." she would murmur, her eyes becoming a trifle misty as she contemplated the hoard of Moodie Wealth; and then one day she asked herself how Great-aunt Maud managed with the two old ladies, and almost immediately it was decided that we should call at "Klondike" next Sunday, at an hour when it was known that the Bangs would be there to tea.

It was one of those occasions which began to be memorable before it even started. We hadn't seen



Great-aunt Maud since the previous summer, and then only on the sand-hills where her full impact tended to be dissipated amongst the distractions of nature. And here we were trooping into the Klondike drawing-room, which already seemed to be overcrowded, with Blodwen and Bertha sitting in their high-backed chairs to one side of the fire, Great-aunt Maud in a magenta tea-gown on the other, and Sylvester and his wife and little Norah and Arthur looking like a family group by one of the more bilious British painters.

Greetings were exchanged. Great aunt Maud remarked that Auntie George was looking very bonny (a word synonymous in our family with the word "fat"), and Great-aunt Susan observed that little Norah had her father's eyes—these being distinctly small and mean, and not Sylvester's best feature at all.

"I was just telling these dear people," Great-aunt Maud remarked in her spuriously grand manner, "that we thought of adding a sun-lounge to the end of the west wing. Pussies do like sun," she added,

her formidable visage disintegrating into something between a simper and a leer.

"You must do what you think best, Maud," whined Miss Grue, on a note of vague approval.

"We leave it all to you," Blodwen said, her choice of words sending an excited shudder round the room.

Tea was brought in and the conversation continued upon the subject of the Cats' Home. We waited patiently for Blodwen and Miss Grue to start on each other, but we waited in vain; instead they bowed and nodded and smiled at Great-aunt Maud and at each other and made bleating noises in a thin but syrupy tone of acquiescence. Great-aunt Susan sank into a state of baffled dismay, and shortly after tea we took our departure. We walked home in sombre silence. The two old ladies were to visit us the following Thursday, when we were to make our last, hopeless effort.

The visit proved to be an almost complete failure, and Blodwen and Bertha more truculent and acrimonious than ever, as though they

were determined to erase any impression they might have made at our last meeting; but at length it was time for them to go and they shuffled out into the hall, Miss Grue suggesting that someone ought to search Blodwen on account of her nasty habit of pocketing other people's tea-spoons. Finally they reached the door; and then it happened.

"We feel we ought to apologize for last Sunday," croaked Miss Grue as she stepped out into the cold evening air.

"We weren't quite ourselves," Blodwen explained.

"On account of Maud."

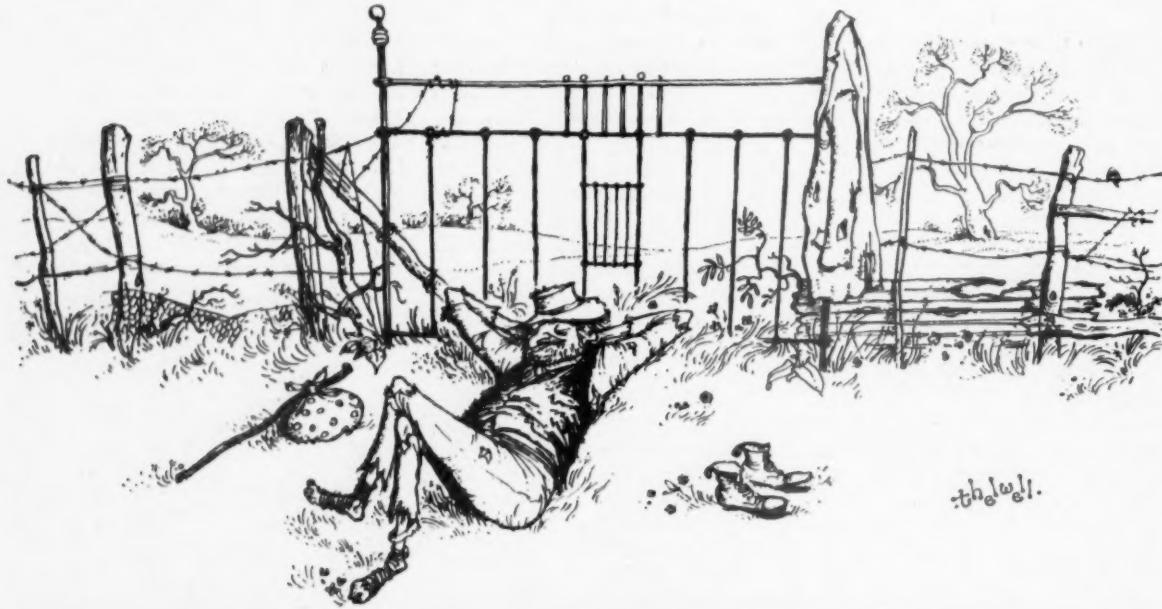
"We're sorry for her."

"Yes," they said, crouching together in the porch and seeming to vibrate with some powerful inward emotion. "She's got the idea we're leaving her some money!"

Great-aunt Susan accepted the situation calmly.

"We shall have to redouble our efforts," she said, running an eye over the disordered tea-table; "and we shall have to recover the tea-spoons."

WILLIAM THORNTON

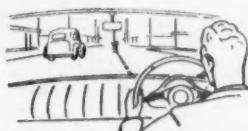


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# The TEST PILOT buys a *Consul*

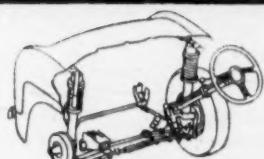
HE's in the habit of getting the last ounce out of his Consul, so his opinion is worth having: "this o.h.v. 'over-square' engine has the unmistakable life and sparkle of a sports car. And the Consul has handling qualities that would be unusual on *any* car at *any* price!"



• SAFETY-ALL-ROUND VISION



• SUPERB ROAD HOLDING

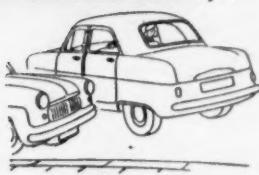


• UNIQUE FRONT-SUSPENSION

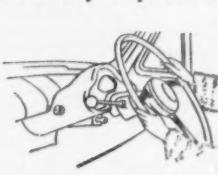


## so does the LADY DOCTOR

THE perfect town car, she calls it. Economical to run, easy to park, so restful to drive with its brilliant acceleration and finger-tip gear control. Such a *practical* car, too, with its spacious bench seats, full-width parcel shelf and enormous boot. A stylish car that satisfies your pride as well as your pocket.



• EASE OF PARKING



• FINGER-TIP CONTROL



• LARGE STAY-OPEN DOORS

# Consul

£470 PLUS P.T. £196 • 19 • 2

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FIVE-STAR' MOTORING

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ *The best at lowest cost*

Visitors to Britain requiring cars for export may order them for early delivery without payment of Purchase Tax from any Ford Main Dealer or from Export Department at our Showrooms, 88 Regent Street, London, W.1. (Regent 7272).



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a present  
to us”



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**"WIZARD  
CHAIRS THESE,  
SKIPPER!"**

**PEL NESTING CHAIRS**  
take less space to store and give  
longer wear than any other  
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thoroughly rust-proofed and the  
finish keeps its smartness for  
years and years. Helps to make  
cleaning very easy too. Pel  
methods of grouping and fixing  
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for leaflet illustrating full range.



R.P.6  
Canva



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NESTING CHAIRS

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*Smooth  
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Maximum U.K. prices: 33.9 per bottle; 17.7 half bottle; 9.2 qtr. bottle; 3.7 miniatures



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It pays you hand over fist to employ really good removals people—careful, experienced people, with the right equipment. At the Stores, we have blankets and white sheets to protect your polished furniture—special cases of various sorts for books, china, and so on—and men who do their job quietly, quickly and politely. Does it cost more? We shall be glad to give you a free estimate. Army & Navy removals gives you greater care at a reasonable price: bear us in mind

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## A day in a life with an AGA

Regd. Trade Mark

It's nice to get up in the morning, but it's nicer still when you've an Aga. Piping hot water in the tap, the kitchen comfortably warm, the airing done, the porridge made and ready, the . . . but excuse us, the kettle's boiling. (Already I)

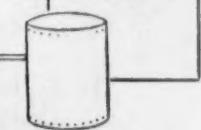
**HOW THE AGA LOOKS AFTER YOU!** The beautiful Aga never goes out. No waiting for cooking temperatures—no drudgery of any kind—no bother. The Aga never needs 'seeing to'. No switches or knobs or dampers. The thermostat does all the coaxing and adjusting for you, keeps ovens and hotplates at exactly the right cooking temperature, always.

ON THE TOP OF THE AGA are two big hotplates:

### First class cooking

each of them will take three 8-pint pans at a time. The boiling plate is also the fastest in the world—it boils water, from cold, at a pint a minute. As well as this, it is the grilling, toasting and frying plate. Next to it you have the simmering plate, just as big. Nothing can boil over here—not even milk.

### Piping hot water



lots of it all day long



enough for three baths a day



a useful 'wash'



and all the washing-up and your cooking goes on just the same!

### MONEY TO SPEND ON YOURSELF

However much you use your Aga, it is guaranteed not to burn more than 3½ tons of fuel in a year. On coke (it will also burn Anthracite or Phurnacite) this works out at about 1/- a day.

Work out how much you pay for cooking and water heating now. Work out how much you could save by doing these things better with an Aga!

Suppose you save 1/6 a day. This is enough to buy the Aga for you. Hire purchase can be spread out over as long as five years, with instalments of as little as £2 a month, and remember there is no Purchase Tax. The Aga guarantee is for ten years.

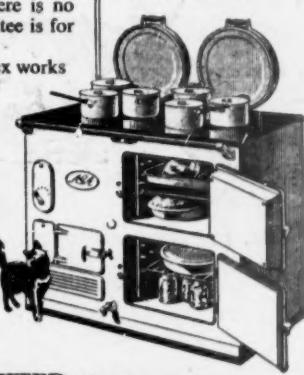
Aga models from £90 to £123 ex works

All from  
one fire in the

## AGA

Regd. Trade Mark

**NOW THEN** There's nothing to be shy about. There are a hundred thousand happy people with an Aga of their own. The first thing most of them did was to write in and ask for information—and that is the first thing you should do. The address to write to is:



AGA HEAT LIMITED 2/6 Orchard House,  
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The Aga is another splendid fuel-economy appliance from the *Associated Ironfounders Group*

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Hairdresser?



obviously a  
*Jamal*  
specialist

The Freedom Wave . . .

. . . Machineless . . .

Kindest to your hair

Write or telephone for the address of your nearest *Jamal Specialist*  
Sales Affiliates Ltd., Boreham Wood, Herts. Tel: ELStree 1721



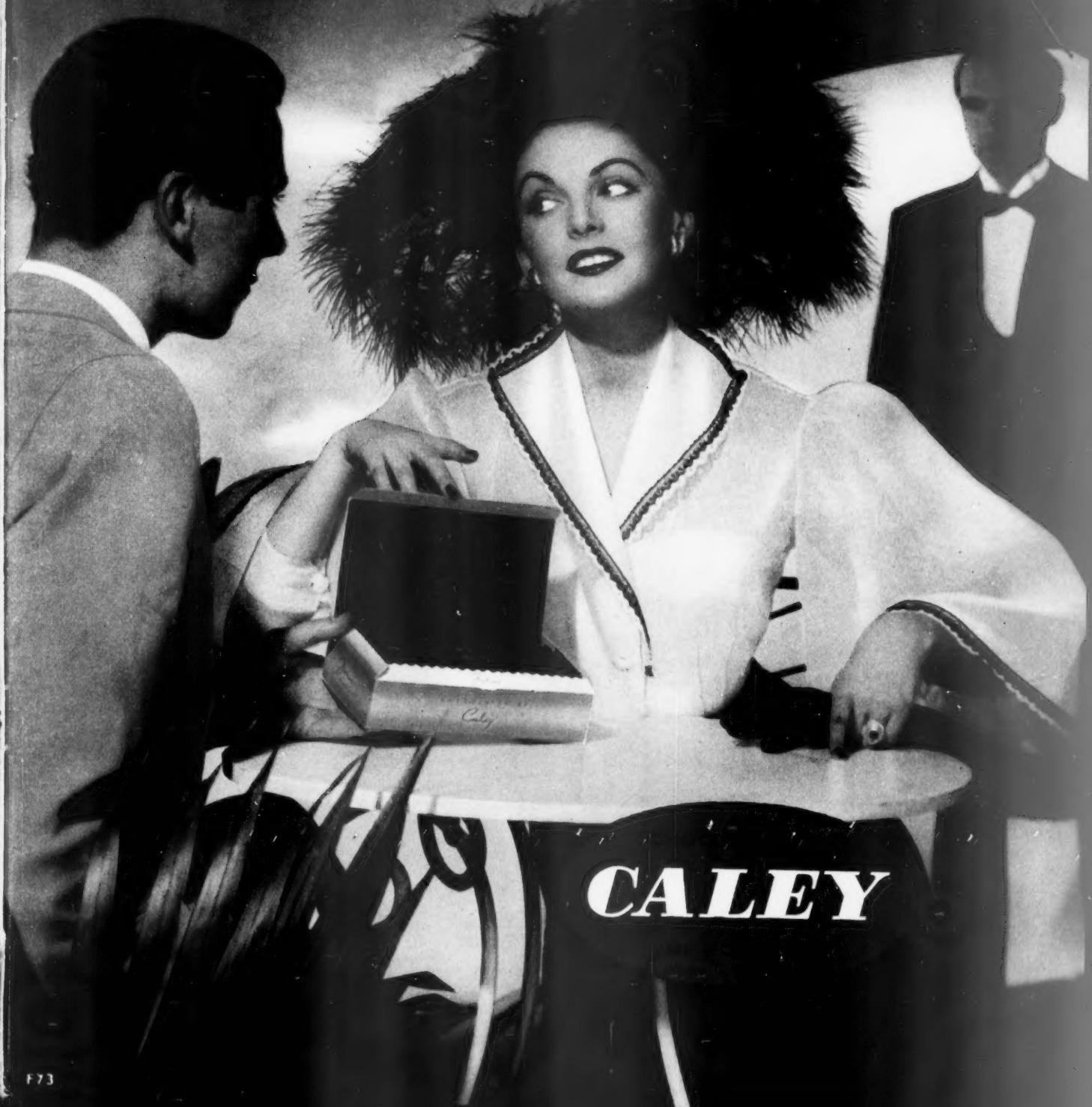
*Exquisite sheets, pillowcases and towels by  
Horrockses  
the Greatest Name in Cotton*

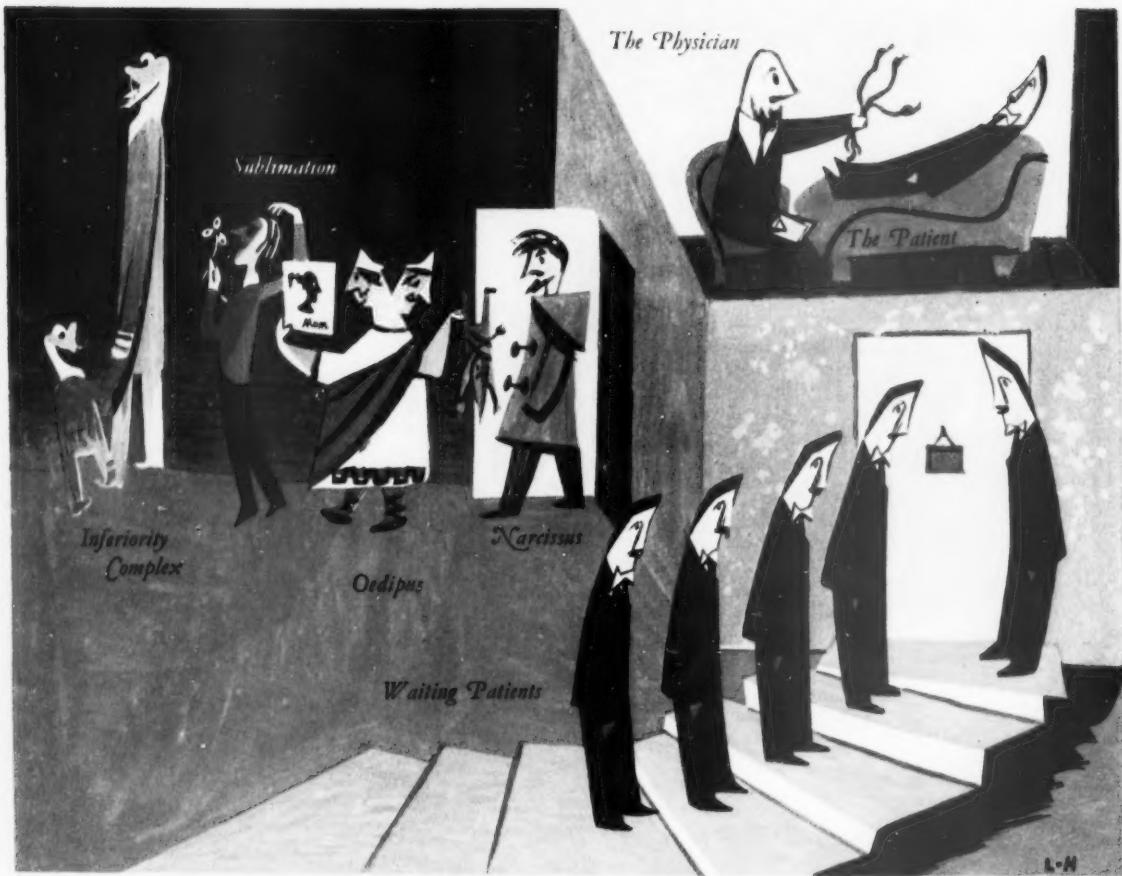


THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME . . .

**CHANEL**

*Fortune*  
makes the heart  
grow fonder





## RE-INHIBITATING CENTRE

Schweppshire shows the Way — 5

The Story of the Psychological Wing of the Middle-schweppes Hospital illustrates Schweppshire's ability to progress beyond progress.

EARLY DAYS. Middleschweppes was the first to prove that Freud was not, in fact, Freud at all, but existent as a buried personality-wish.

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A CRISIS AVERTED. Boldly progressive once more, the crisis is met by de-psychological analysis, employing the now familiar methods of re-inhibition, re-packing the subconscious, complexing up, and making

everybody tremendously different again without exactly knowing why. Note, in the BEFORE (bottom right of main picture), the absolutely ordinary. AFTER (top left) the absolute un-ordinary or different.



Designed by Lewitt-Him, written by Stephen Potter.

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Your holiday, whether at home or abroad, in summer sunshine or winter's snows, will be the better for the added thrill of a Humber Super Snipe.

Armchair riding comfort and the immensely powerful 4-litre 'Blue Riband' O.H.V. engine give you exhilarating luxury motoring at reasonable cost. Ask your distributor or dealer for a trial run or send for a catalogue today.

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A PRODUCT OF THE ROOTES GROUP

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The Late King George VI  
Humber Ltd, Coventry

## Sunlight in the Evening



WHEN old couples who can no longer

fend for themselves are compelled to live apart (and in these days of housing shortages and overcrowded homes this happens very often) their constant need for each other casts a shadow over their lives, a shadow which only lengthens as time goes by. The Salvation Army's Darby and Joan homes, where husbands and wives can spend the evening of their lives happily together, are a complete answer to this problem. But we have only three of these homes at the moment—there is need for so many more!

Will you help the Army's work? Please send a gift to General Albert Orsborn, 113 Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4.

WHERE THERE'S NEED . . . THERE'S

## The Salvation Army

**£4,315  
FOR YOU AT AGE 55**

If you are not over 45, this is the plan (for women the benefits are slightly different). You make agreed regular monthly, half-yearly, or yearly payments to the Sun Life of Canada. At 55, you will receive £4,315 plus accumulated dividends—or £264 a year for life and accumulated dividends. If you are over 45, the benefits are available at a later age.

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**INCOME TAX SAVED.**—Income tax payers are entitled to the appropriate relief from tax on all premiums paid under this plan.

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To M. Macaulay

(General Manager for British Isles)

**SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY of CANADA**  
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I should like to know more about your Plan, as advertised, without incurring any obligation.

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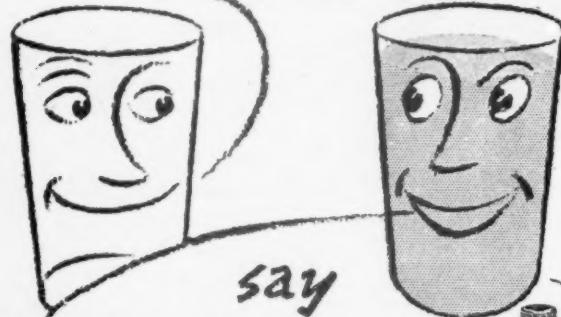
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Occupation

Exact date of birth

(N) Punch 6. 7. 53.

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SQUASH-



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Robinson's**

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Whether you want a Squash for a long drink or to mix with a short one, ask for ROBINSON'S. It's concentrated, so it goes a long way and its full flavour stays with it. It's made from Oranges or Lemons. Which you like best is a matter of taste, but most people ask for the Orange. Why not try some and see?



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Worked in Ye Wool: In Ye XI Century: A.D.

The Bayeux tapestry shows, in wool, the Battle of Hastings  
Where Harold got the worst of pastings.

Through nine centuries it's proved to the full  
That there's no substitute for wool!

**THERE IS NO  
SUBSTITUTE FOR**



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PLAYER'S  
N°3

The Quality Cigarette

[3P 114]



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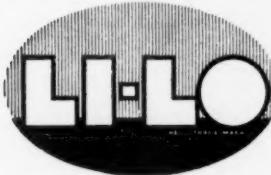
The tough comfortable Golfer for Father, the Sportie, smartly tailored in a host of gay colours for Mother, the attractive Swiss Missie for Teenagers, and the hardwearing, warm Playsuit for the youngest member. You—and the family—can ignore the weather in a Windak.

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IN. A634



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*In case of difficulty write or telephone us for your nearest stockist.*

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THE GREAT PETROL WITH 6 EXTRAS

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Punch, July 6 1953



ONE OF BRITAIN'S FINE CARS

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## EAGLES THROUGH THE AGES



**A**RMS " Argent, an eagle displayed with wings inverted and looking to the sinister Sable, ducally crowned, overall a castle of three tiers Or."

These Arms, of the Borough of Bedford, were confirmed in 1566, by William Harvey, Clarenceux King of Arms. The Eagle in the Arms is unusual in that it faces sinister ! Normally all beasts and birds face dexter, which is to the left as you look at the Arms.

Bedford is mentioned in the Domesday Book. The Castle, until demolished after the siege of 1224, dominated the town.

In 1647, during the Civil War, the City was the Army H.Q. during the controversy between the Army and Parliament.

It was while imprisoned in Bedford Jail that John Bunyan wrote " The Pilgrim's Progress ".

*The Eagle has a special significance in the rich tapestry of heraldry, characterising supreme strength and endurance. In this present era, the Goodyear Eagle marks a similar alliance. Powerful in appearance, unequalled in craftsmanship, it is the ultimate in car tyre quality; providing dependability, long life and lasting wear. The Eagle by Goodyear is outstanding value for the bigger car.*



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Do you still buy from habit the cigarettes you once bought from choice? If so, you've forgotten how to enjoy a cigarette. A change of brand might jog your memory—a change to Philip Morris, for instance. Definitely different. Specially blended for cool, clean smoking. Try a packet today; you may prefer them.

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(PRODUCE OF SPAIN)



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1/1½ in a neat red dispenser



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REGD TRADE MARK

THE ORIGINAL  
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MADE IN ONE PIECE FROM PLIABLE FELT AND ONLY HALF THE WEIGHT OF OTHER CAPS

- MODERN STREAMLINED SHAPE
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Stocked by All Leading Stores

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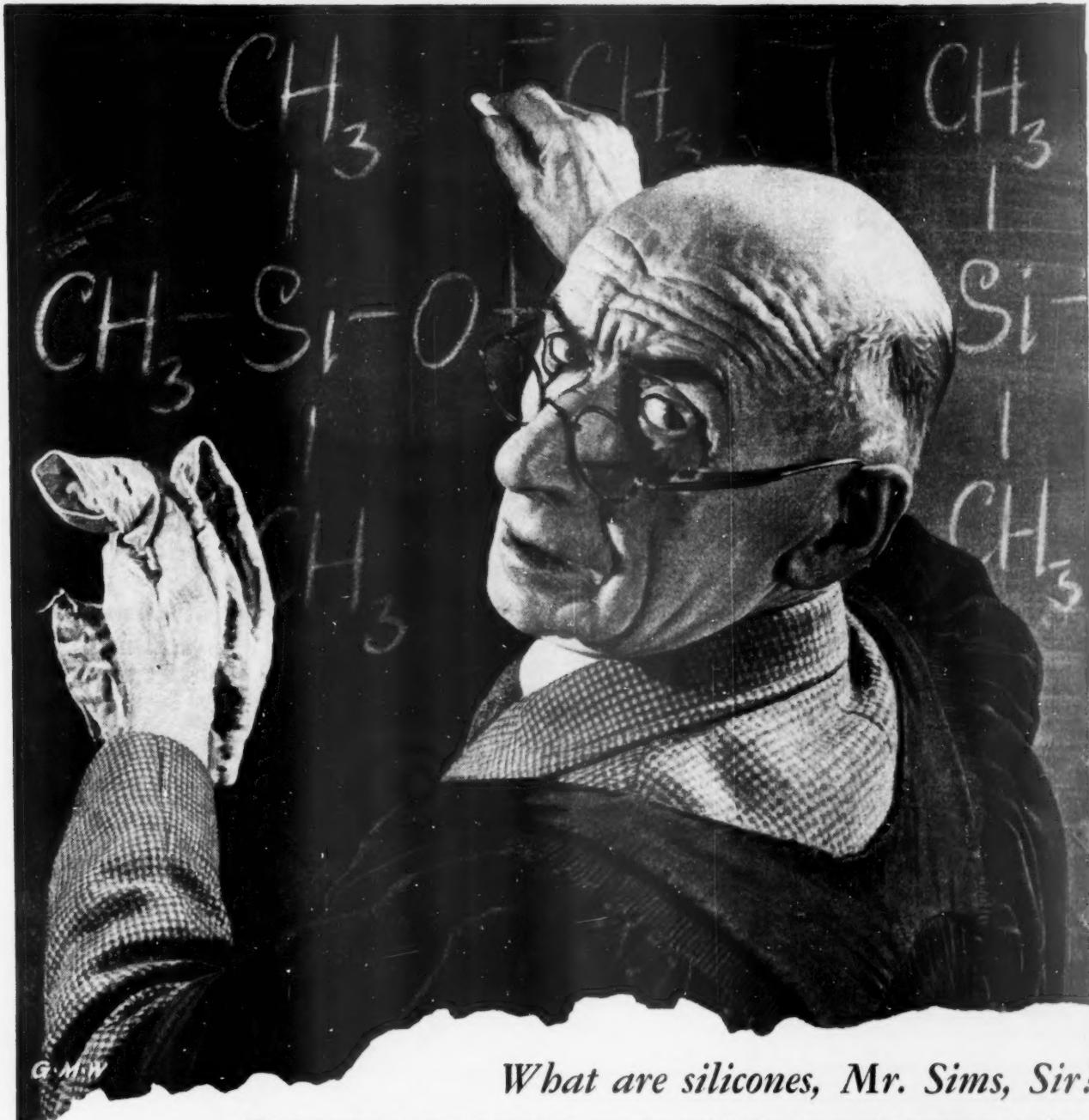
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To industry the most outstanding merit of silicones is their marked resistance to the effects of intense heat and cold. They are used, for example, in jointing and insulating materials for jet engines and electric motors.

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*Chemicals for Industry*

**ALBRIGHT & WILSON**

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TELE 126

# ROSS'S Belfast Ginger Ale

Still the best non-alcoholic drink ever devised by man; but there is nothing to prevent the discreet addition of a little good whisky

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## CAPTAIN

**A**BOUT the time Francis Thompson, not the only poet who delighted in cricket, was writing "O my Hornby and my Barlow long ago" an imperious young man, who used to be at Head Office, had approached the full splendour of his career in the game and tossed for first innings in a Test Match against Australia at Old Trafford. How strange to think that he might have chosen to hide his light under a bushel of banking instead of spilling its radiance over the cricket fields of two hemispheres.

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Allsorts of plans  
for houses . . .

but **Allsorts**  
of **Wilkinson's**  
for **Quality!**



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OF

**BRIGHT STEEL BARS**

THE  
**HALESOWEN STEEL**  
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HALESOWEN, NR. BIRMINGHAM.  
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**"King George IV"**  
Old Scotch Whisky

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BY THE SCOTCH WHISKY ASSOCIATION



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To match every Vantella shirt are  
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VAN HEUSEN collars, unshrinkable  
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'Take a shop,' said the Prince, and Mr. Marcovitch, who, a hundred years ago, was making his cigarettes in an obscure room near Piccadilly knew that their excellence had made him famous. Ever since, Marcovitch Cigarettes have been made to the same high standards as won the approval of that Eminent Personage and his friends; they are rolled of the very finest tobacco, for the pleasure of those whose palates appreciate perfection.



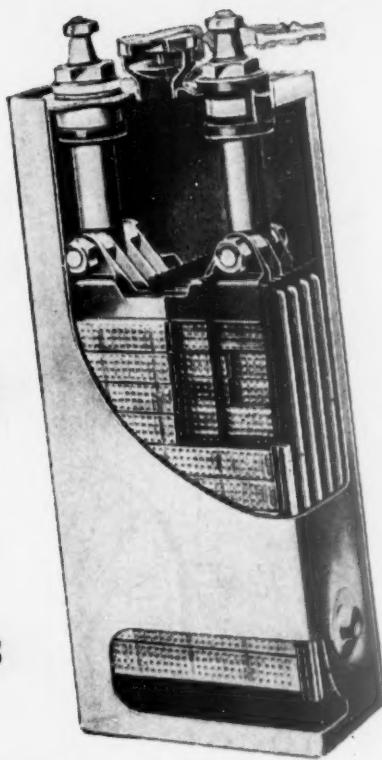
*Marcovitch*

**BLACK AND WHITE**  
cigarettes for Virginia smokers  
25 for 5/5

Also **BLACK AND WHITE**  
**SMOKING MIXTURE**  
2 oz. tin 9/6

ISSUED BY GODFREY PHILLIPS LTD

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*Repay their original cost  
many times over!*

Made of steel—container and plates—a Nife battery has great mechanical strength. The almost inert electrolyte is actually a steel preservative, so no deterioration, no self-discharge and no corrosion of terminals. In addition a Nife will withstand the heaviest rates of discharge. Maintenance costs are practically nil. Install a Nife—years and years of trouble-free service will repay you handsomely for your investment. (N.B.—Nife batteries are not yet available for private cars or domestic radio.)

★ Steel construction for long life  
★ Complete reliability ★ Low maintenance costs

**NIFE**  
**STEEL BATTERIES**

NIFE BATTERIES • REDDITCH • WORCESTERSHIRE

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REGAL  
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FRUIT DROPS

MAKERS OF FINER CHOCOLATES  
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SINCE 1834



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Personal gifts will be warmly welcomed at the above address.

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Quality  
**Raincoats**  
for men's, ladies' and  
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Ask for a "NORSEMAN"  
High-class outfitters usually  
stock them.

The "NORSEMAN" D.B. set-in sleeve  
Raincoat in finest quality wool gaberdine.  
Also in S.B. Raglan style.

Made by A. B. HARGREAVES & Co. Ltd. CHORLEY · LANCS.



"All's fair in love  
and village cricket!  
For ten gruelling  
overs I defied the  
Vicar's googlies —  
only to be caught by  
P.C. Smithers off a body-liner from the local  
poacher... Phew! Lucky the refreshments are  
well organised. Quick, Hawkins! Ransack  
my cricket-bag and open our bottle of Rose's  
Lime Juice! I am about to perform the  
neatest bat-trick of the season!"

**ROSE'S LIME JUICE**  
*makes thirst worth while*  
LONG OR SHORT — PLAIN OR WITH GIN

**ROSE'S FRUIT SQUASHES:** Orange,  
Lemon and Grapefruit. Made from the  
finest fruit juices, Rose's Squashes are de-  
licious and economical for long or short  
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*The Finest Liqueur  
at any time*

Indispensable in:  
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*Extra Fine Liqueur*

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**Vent-Axia**  
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Simplest  
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May we quote you for your Wine, Spirit and  
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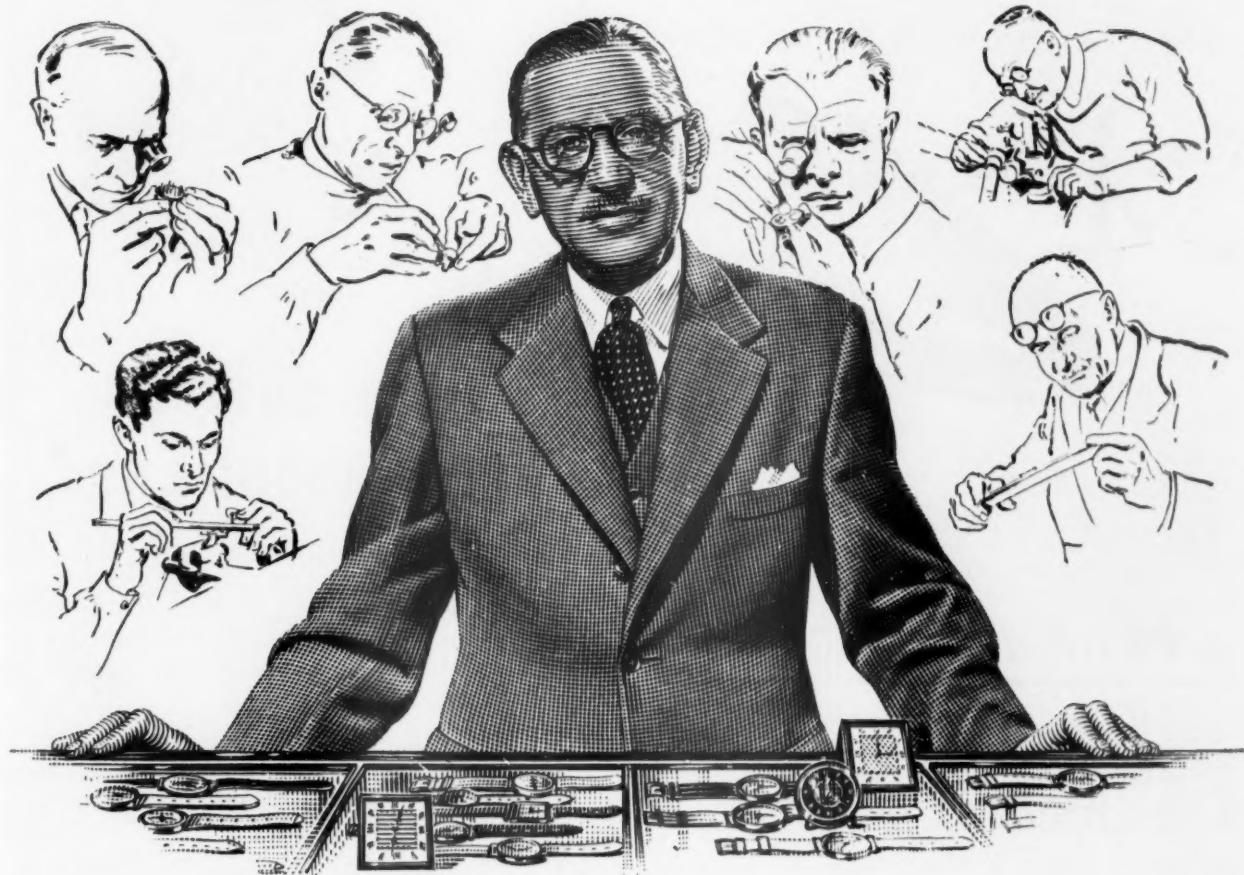
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Wine and Spirit Merchants  
to the late King George VI

## TIME IS THE ART OF THE SWISS



### *There are 50,000 experts at your jeweller's*

Do you think of your jeweller as just a man in a shop? He is much more than that. Although you cannot see them, there are 50,000 experts at his elbow ready and keen to help him help you.

These 50,000 are the expert craftsmen of the Swiss watch industry. Three centuries of watchmaking tradition have bred in them that instinctive skill and meticulous accuracy which make Swiss watches renowned the world over.

The Swiss watch industry, which fashions these fine jewelled-lever watches with such skilful care, is anxious to ensure that only skilful and careful people should handle them as they pass from the maker to the wearer. That is why these 50,000 craftsmen give their help, their advice and their support only to the qualified jeweller. That is why no one but your jeweller can explain to you which are the good watches — can help you choose wisely — can ensure you efficient service when you need it.

*Choose a good Swiss watch at your jeweller's and have 50,000 experts at your service.*



*Your jeweller's knowledge is your safeguard*

**The WATCHMAKERS OF SWITZERLAND**



# The Shoe that every Golfer has been waiting for!

ULTRA FLEXIBILITY AND LIGHTNESS—SUPERB COMFORT



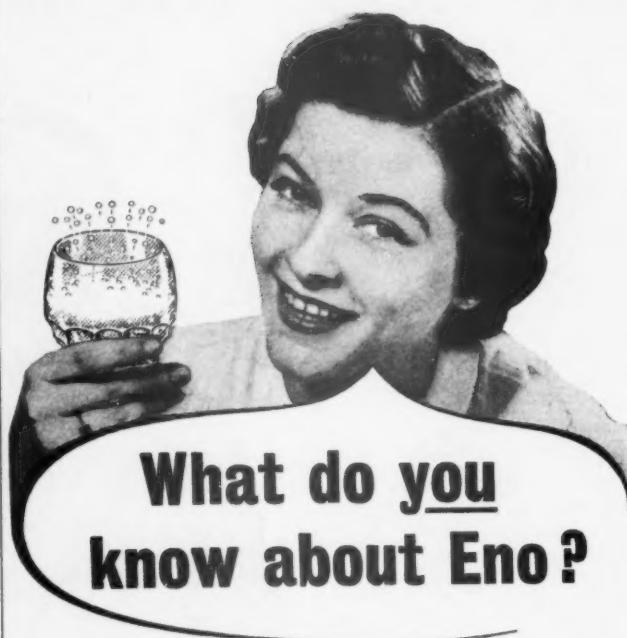
NEVER before has a golf shoe combined so many much-wanted features! Strongly built and waterproof, this new Manfield-made shoe is astonishingly light and flexible. The insole is cushioned with felt for perfect comfort; a new last-design ensures snug ankle fit; and the inner edge of the sole is specially trimmed to improve the wearer's stance. The latest American type golf spikes ensure a firm foot grip and comfort under all conditions.

See this revolutionary shoe at your Manfield branch, available in Medium and Broad fittings, price 115/-. Once you've worn a pair, you'll be surprised how much they add to your comfort and confidence at every stroke!

**Manfield** FAMOUS FOR SHOES

**Unruffled...** Silvifix Hair Cream will keep your hair under perfect control—even in life's most strenuous moments. And without gumming or greasiness! Highly concentrated, a jar of Silvifix lasts 3 to 4 times as long as other dressings. Silvifix is made for those who prefer something just a little better than the ordinary.

4/- a jar, including tax.



**DO YOU KNOW** that pleasant, refreshing Eno's "Fruit Salt" has a valuable two-fold action? It settles the stomach and keeps the system regular.

**ENO'S IN THE MORNING** promotes a regular bowel action, relieves the headaches, liverishness, irritability and other symptoms of irregularity.

**ENO'S AFTER MEALS** relieves excess stomach acidity—a most frequent cause of indigestion, heartburn and flatulence.

**ENO'S AT BEDTIME** settles the stomach and thereby often acts as a safeguard against a restless night and morning liverishness.

**Eno's  
'Fruit Salt'**

THE GENTLE  
ANTACID  
LAXATIVE

2/5d. Regular Size—  
Family Size  
(double the quantity) 4/3d.  
New Handy Pack 1/8d.



The words "ENO", "ENO's" and "FRUIT SALT" are registered Trade Marks.

## TWO WAYS TO GO ON HOLIDAY

The Clydella Gameshirt (left) can be worn inside or outside trousers or shorts; in ten colours besides cream: 32/6. The Clydella Town-and-Country Shirt (right) is impeccable on any occasion: in houndstooth check, and plain patterns of many colours: 49/6. Both shirts, being Clydella, are soft, light, infinitely washable. Ask now at your regular Outfitter.

There's nothing to equal  
**'Clydella'**

IF IT SHRINKS WE REPLACE



MADE BY THE MAKERS OF 'VIVELLA'





# DE WAR'S "White Label" SCOTCH WHISKY

*never varies*



*Celebrate with the finest drink in the world*